Senior Log

In Memoriam

SIDNEY GOLDSTEIN	February 17, 1929
ALFRED WEINER	April 23, 1929
RUTH LEVINE	May 29, 1929

No history or picture is needed for these three; for, cut short in the very preparation of life, they are seeking its fulfillment in the eternal life, and their bright faces, more vivid than those on pictured page, shall shine in our memories forevermore.

The Log

June 1929

James Madison High School

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. Mortimer Clark, Principal

Marty Field
assistant principal
on the bedeck near the
respectable

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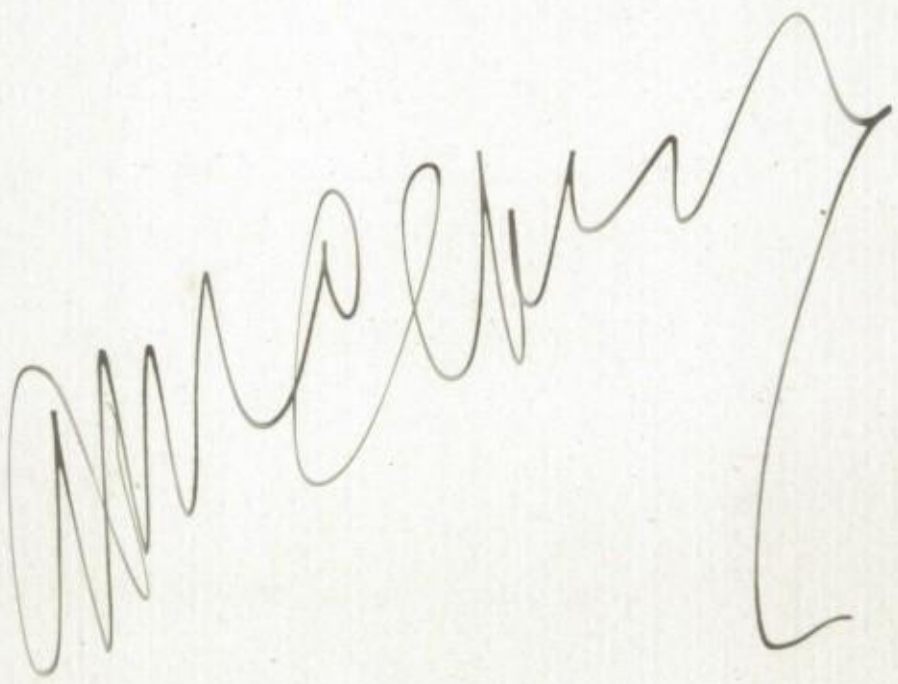

The time has now come for the first class that is entirely Madisonian to leave us. You came to us four years ago and you have spent your entire high school careers within our walls. We are well pleased with what you have accomplished in this time, but whether we have really turned out a good product, whether our existence has fully justified itself, only the years to come can reveal.

Probably most of you will soon forget much that you have been at some pains to learn here. It is of little importance whether you do or not. We have not been trying to teach you Latin and Geometry and Chemistry so much as we have sought to build up within you habits of recognizing a problem when a problem confronts you, habits of attacking a problem and habits of staying with it until a satisfactory solution has been reached.

Life is a series of complex problems. The drifters pass through the world without even knowing that there is a problem. If they are lucky enough to suffer no particular hardships, they may attain to a certain doubtful happiness. On the other hand, they are useless both to themselves and to society. It takes an alert mind and an inquisitive mind to recognize a problem when one presents itself.

Many people are failures in life because they just throw up their hands and succumb when they are faced by a difficulty. Not so a good Madisonian. A good Madisonian is, first of all, sufficiently alert to recognize the difficulty and then he is scientifically minded enough to look it over from all sides. He next attacks it coolly, without fear and without hysterical personal bias. Until one can do this, one cannot hope to march at the head of the parade. Leadership demands courage and breadth of view.

Sometimes people who are keen enough to recognize a problem and brave enough to attack it fail because they haven't the determination and the patience to see it through. Persistence of the right sort is an indication of character. Nearly every big contribution to the advancement of civilization has been made possible by just this trait. Good Madisonians possess it. The fact that they are graduating is in itself evidence that they do. Stick to it!

To each of you, we whom you are leaving behind extend every good wish. It is our earnest hope that you will continue to grow to the end of your days and that your pathways may be strewn with difficulties just sufficient to test your skill and to develop your character.

A. MORTIMER CLARK,

Principal.

To

Miss Mabel E. Wilmot

Through whose untiring efforts the
success of our school annual
and of our school weekly
has been made possible
The Log
is gratefully dedicated

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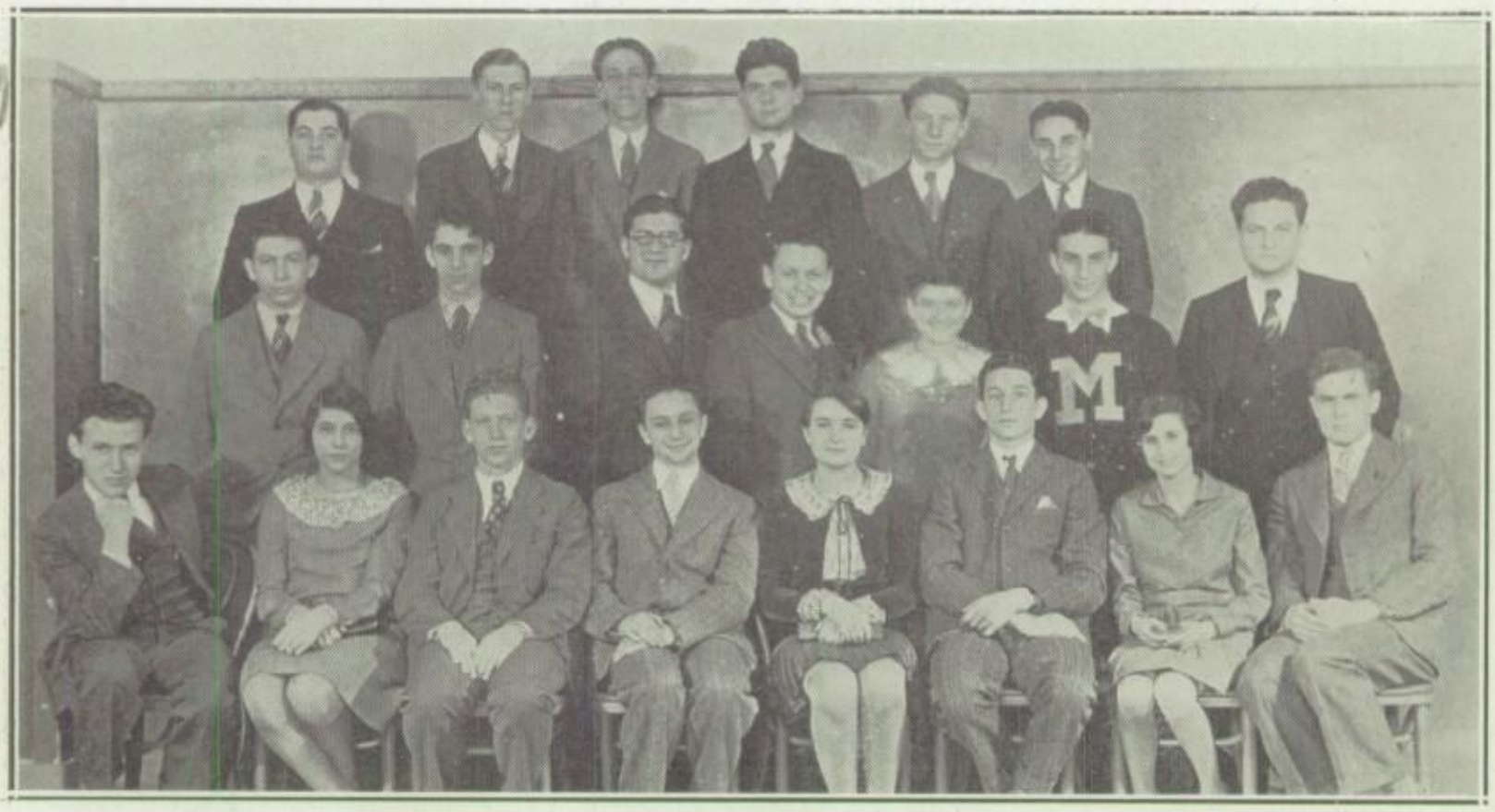

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Celebrities

Most popular boy ..... Cy Alexander
Most popular girl ..... Pauline Cohn
Best looking boy ..... John Tracy
Prettiest girl ..... Frieda Wallman
Best student ..... Ed Solomon
Class baby:
Boy ..... Leonard Schiff
Girl ..... Dot Arenson
Class artist ..... Ed Taylor
Class regular fellow ..... Lionel Mann
Class regular girl ..... Dorothy Feldman
Class actor ..... Sid Schwartz
Class orator ..... Morton Spielman
Class athlete:
Boy ..... Fred Shacter
Girl ..... Muriel Hartt
Class ladies' man ..... Ralph Marcus
Class musician ..... Louis Teleshefsky
Class fashion plate ..... Vivian Frank
Class noise ..... Sidney Goldfinger
Class pep ..... Bert Gropper
Class pest ..... Pessa Schiff
Flaming youth ..... Sylvia Bricker
Class woman-hater ..... Cy Fishman
Personality plus ..... Mike Gordon
Class conceit ..... Morton Spielman
Class smile ..... Cecelia Koch
Class flirt ..... Leah Goldman
Class snob ..... Jeannette Jacobs
Class half-wits ..... Sophisticated Senior Column
Most likely to succeed ..... Ed Taylor, Abe Zeitz
Class author ..... Marjorie Wolgel

Farewell
Farwell to thee, fair alma mater,
The time is come, now must we go;
Yet ere we leave these cherished halls
We heave a sigh, we've loved them so.
Life is hard and paths are thorny,
Ambition guides us like a star;
Off are we in quest of fortune
Guided by a light afar.
When age has brought the fruits of wisdom
And experience taught us truth,
Then will our thoughts revert to thee,
Oh, guiding portals of our youth.
—Marjorie Wolgel.
STROSAHL

P.S. not forget "your real pal"
Vicky

THE GRADUATES

Words can't express all the lovely things I'd love to write of and to you. But, remember Lollie.

Vicky and Lollie

SARA ABRAMOWITZ
1553 East 3rd Street.
Swimming, tennis, basketball.
Private secretary.
Sara's a cute little miss;
I wonder if she's ever been kissed.

SYLVIA AGENO
1436 East 15th Street.
Hockey, basketball, volley ball.
College.
I looked not for beauty nor fairness of skin.
But for the heart that was loving within.

HOWARD A. ALEXANDERSON
4660 Bedford Avenue.
Rifle team, orchestra, field band.
New York University.
Stop me if you've heard this one!

SEYMOUR ALEXANDER
275 West End Avenue.
Vice-president of G. O., leader of field band, orchestra, booster.
New York University.
His charm and personality rare
Make him welcome everywhere.

HOWARD ARTHUR ALLEN
20-25 East 41st Street.
Spanish club, science club, chemistry club.
University of Southern California.
Just a quiet little shy youngster,
With his hair plastered down.

SALVATORE AMENDOLA
2135 Homecrest Avenue.
Captain of second floor manager's squad, captain of lunch room squad, Newman club.
Long Island University.
They call him "Sally."

ALICE ANDERSEN
31 Nina Court.
Business.
Little Alice, quiet and demure,
You'll succeed in every venture.

MILDRED AMKRAUT
2560 Kenmore Place.
Senior class representative, tennis.
Columbia.
Small in size, large in knowledge;
I should say she's fit for college.

EUNICE ANTINE
1591 Gravesend Avenue.
Dancing club, Latin club, French club.
Hunter College.
Once they see her winning smile,
For another they'll walk a mile.

BIRDIE APPLEBAUM
2574 Kenmore Place.
Swimming, secretary of official room.
Business school.
To help a friend she's always there,
With a heart so true.

SYLVIA ARAK
1906 Kings Highway.
Arista, class president, basketball.
Who is Sylvia?
Even Shakespeare wanted to know.

DOROTHY ARONSON
1055 East 23rd Street.
Arista, sports editor of Log, dramatic society.
Adelphi College.
There's just one thing that can make Dot blush,
That's to mention the name of her latest crush.

ANNA ARONOWITZ
3028 East 2nd Street.
Arista, honor girl, Spanish scholarship pin.
Hunter College.
A head full of brains, a heart full of joy,
But in athletics, Anna should have been a boy.

BYRON ATHANASIOU
1320 Avenue G.
Captain of service squad, traffic squad 3 terms.
Columbia University.

MAITLAND AXELROD
2319 Avenue M.
Arista, math club, orchestra.
Cornell.

IRVING AZERRAD
1880 East 19th Street.
University of California.
Not lazy, just born tired.

MATTHEW C. BAIONE
3508 Farragut Road.
Business.
On the ropes or in gymnastics he may not be too spry.
But when he skates or dances he really seems to fly.

MURRAY GEORGE BARNETT
1117 East 27th Street.
Lieutenant on the traffic squad, vice-president of class 3 times, member of tennis team 2 years.
University of Pennsylvania.
A tennis player in our estimation;
To go to the U. of P., his destination.

THEODORA S. BARZILAY
1663 East 19th Street.
Dramatic society, class secretary 3 times, floor manager's office and Miss Zehner's office.
Adelphi.
Sweet little Teddy, teacher's pet.
Have they good taste? Yes, you bet.

MARGARET BASTABLE
1123 East 31st Street.
Jama Gire club, Spanish club, Miss Zehner's office.
The girl with a smile
Is a girl worth while.

IDA BECKER
514 Quentin Road.
Social workers, Roosevelt club, secretary to Miss Tebbe.
University of Southern California.
Ida, who has golden hiar,
Has for Eco. no particular flair.

ANNA BELITSKY
1635 East 19th Street.
Swimming, hockey.
Stenographer.
She may be small,
But she has a smile for all.

DOROTHY BELLER
166 Irwin Street.
Booster, social worker, secretary in permanent record room.
Business.
So chic and so petite
We, personally, think she can't be beat.

ESTHER CORNELIA BENSON
845 East 34th Street.
Swimming, dancing, basketball.
Methodist Episcopal Hospital—nurses training.
Sickness wouldn't be a curse
With Esther as a nurse.

RALPH BENVENISTE
268 Kings Highway.
Vice-president Spanish club, medal for Spanish, traffic and anti-litter member.
New York University.
Sharkey, Stribling, Heeney—all palookas Benveniste said;
He fought them all the same night, then he fell out of bed.

SIDNEY BERGMAN
2926 West 29th Street.
President art club, track team, major auditorium squad.
Long Island University.

JASON BERKOWITZ
1140 East 23rd Street.
Lacrosse, "M" for two years' service in orchestra, Kings Oaks for 8 terms.
Cornell.
As nice a fellow as anyone would want to meet, a gentleman and a sportsman.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
1656—47th Street.
Math club, mimeographing squad, bank squad.
University of Pennsylvania.

PAULINE E. BERSON
1482 East 15th Street.
University of Maine.
The "Maine" thing about Pauline is she never does shirk.
For whatever she undertakes she makes of it good work.

SAMUEL BERSON
2316—62nd Street.
General office help, service squad, madrigal club.
Long Island College.
Never absent, never late, never a zip nor a flunk! Now I'll tell one.

VIOLA BETTS
246 East 8th Street.
Arista, class president, orchestra.
Business school.
What, only 99%? Oh, we forgot that she had her cornet lessons to practice and an Arista meeting to attend.

LERVY S. BICHURT
2 East 10th Street.
Biology club, G. O. representative, Highway agent.
New York University Law.
"Big in physics if not physically."

ROGER WILLIAM BILLHARZ
2418—85th Street.
Literary club, tennis, service squad.
University of Michigan.
A paragon of strength is Billharz,
A form like to Hyperion, an eye like to Mars.

JOSEPH BLANK
436 Eastern Parkway.
Bronze scholarship pin, Roosevelt club treas., history club.
Syracuse.
A man among men is Joey, the wit,
And though good looking, he's not conceited a bit.

SIDNEY W. BLITZ
2270 East 24th Street.
Madison sport correspondent to Brooklyn Daily Eagle, member press club, advertising staff, Highway.
Columbia.
Only a term in Madison,
But my! Can that boy work fast!!

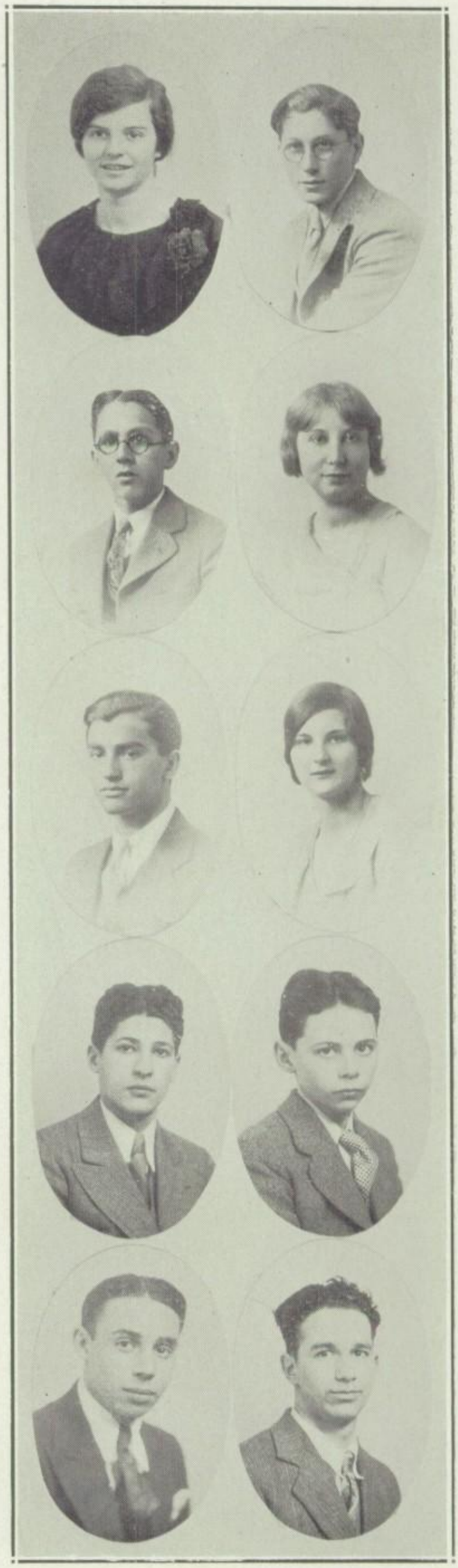
LEONARD BLOCK
1656 East 35th Street.
Interclass debating team, traffic squad, anti-litter squad.
New York University.
A chip off the old "Block."

FLORENCE BLOOM
2355—64th Street.
Swimming pin, basketball, math help.
Hunter College.
She looks simple, with her blonde hair,
But watch out, boys—"She's all there."

MILDRED G. BLOOM
2823 Mermaid Avenue.
Kings Oak, silver pin, Spanish and law clubs.
Wellesley.
Mildred, a girl who philosophically takes things as they come.

OSCAR LEE BLOOMGARDEN
1103 East 36th Street.
Class president 1st and 2nd terms, math club, biology club.
Columbia.
From little acorns great oaks grow.

ABRAHAM BLUESTEIN
6 Stack Place.
History club, law club, debating club.
City College.
None so able as Abe.



JEROME BLUMBERG
1202 Avenue K.
Bronze scholarship pin, Latin medal, service squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Red socks, red ties, pearly teeth and brown eyes. Look for Flo Ziegfeld.

MEYER BOCHER
2319 East 21st Street.
Chess club, lunchroom squad, secretary of drawing class for two terms.
Cooper Union.
Poor guy, he took Analytics
And now he only thinks in curves.

MIRIAM BOOKMAN
2839 West 37th Street.
Arista, bronze scholarship award, lunch room squad.
Hunter College.
As fond of books as her name signifies.

SONIA BOTWINICK
1924 West 6th Street.
Madison service league, Spanish club, scholarship pin.
Hunter.
Full of sweetness, pluck, determination,
Lacking make-up and flirtation.

ALEX BRACKMAN
1599 East 2nd Street.
Debating society, history club, law club.
New York University.
As Antonio said to Shylock, "You're a man after my own heart."

WILFRED BREEN
1067 East 2nd Street.
Track 2 years, tennis, swimming.
University of North Carolina.

LEONARD S. BRENNER
3041 West 24th Street.
President of G. O. of Annex 216, head of annex service league for 2 years, recipient of Hunter medal for citizenship.
Pace Business Institute.
His motto:
For heaven's sakes! Be yourself!

SARAH BRENNER
3041 West 24th Street.
Silver scholarship pin, library squad, service squad.
Business college.
When Sarah walks in the street, all you can hear
Is, "Zowie! look at that girl's hair."

SYLVIA BRICKER
2157 Ocean Avenue.
Dramatic society, social welfare workers, secretary in G. O. office, madrigal club, Spanish club.
Adelphi.
Two things you must observe with care,
Sylvia's "expr-e-ssion" and her "titian" hair.

HERBERT BRODKIN
1532 Ocean Avenue.
Service squad, biology club, graduating in 3½ years
New York University.
Smiling Herbie, personality plus,
No wonder the girls over him make a fuss.

ROSALIE FRANCOISE BRUNSCHWIG
2316 Quentin Road.
Arista, graduating in 3½ years, 3 times secretary of official class.
Rosalie is fair and sweet,
As class secretary she can't be beat.

JACOB BROWN
2072 East 1st Street.
Service squad, class secretary, Spanish club. C. C. N. Y.
Licked right down from the start, he sticks to his job and delivers the goods. He is like a postage stamp.

BEATRICE BUCHMAN
4716 Beach 47th Street.
Bronze pin, madrigal club, Roosevelt club. Wellesley.

EMMA CALLENIUS
1125 East 2nd Street.
Business college.
She's not a camel, but who wouldn't walk a mile for her smile.

GERTRUDE CAMAC
2291 East 22nd Street.
Lunch room, service squad, swimming. New York University.
A girl of quiet ways
Who thinks that silence pays.

IDA CANTOR
3127 Coney Island Avenue.
Secretary to Mr. Deutsch and Miss Berenberg, madrigal club, Highway representative, handball.
Business.
Eddie Cantor is good TOO.

SYLVIA CARR
4600 Surf Avenue.
Sports six letters, dramatic society, madrigal club.
New York University.

WILLIAM CARVELAS
2875 West 30th Street.
Bronze scholarship pin, service squad. traffic squad.
St. John's College.

MICHAEL CASSEL
1923 East 17th Street.
Arista, Vox Madisonia, Roosevelt club.
Business.
Valuable articles come in small packages.

SALVATORE CASSESE
1574 East 36th Street.
Charter member of the chemistry club.
Polytechnic Institute.
A clever little guy is Cassese.
I'm sure he will have success.

ELI ALBERT CHAPKOWITZ
1631 East 10th Street.
Winner of 7th term interclass debates, 1928-29, law club, debating society.
St. John's College.
He would be stupid,
If he were not so clever.

GERTRUDE CHERKNAY
1765 East 7th Street.
Basketball, hockey, tennis.
New York University.
Good things come in small packages, I've read;
And of Gertrude this can truly be said.

ANNA COHEN
2542 Delamere Place.
Arista member, secretary to Mr. Harvey, secretary to Mr. Wolfson.
Business, college at night.
In the very May morn of her youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

GOLDIE COHEN
2270 Delamere Place.
Swimming, secretary of official class two terms.
Business secretary.
The girl with the happy smile
Who radiates cheer all the while.

IDA COHEN
1319 East 10th Street.
Program committee, secretary to teacher, tennis club.
Long Island University.
Ida Cohen, tall and slim.
Very modest, not very prim.

LILLIAN S. COHEN
1331 East 16th Street.
Scholarship pin, commercial arithmetic help club, dancing club, bank representative.
Business and evening college.
Lillian Cohen is clever and sweet;
Her personality and ambition can't be beat

MARY COHEN
3724 Cypress Avenue.
Savage.
The reincarnation of Lucretia Borgia—poison to men—ask Posses—he knows.

PHILIP COHEN
170 Avenue T.
Arista, Big Parade staff. Highway staff, president French club, math office.
C. C. N. Y.
Fastidious, recalcitrant, ne'er satisfied cuss,
Of infinitesimal iotas doth he make a fuss."

ROSE COHEN
1341 Ocean Parkway.
Dancing club, biology club.
New York University.
Slim and quiet, N. Y. U. bound;
A's in English when Rose is around.

SIDNEY COHEN
1750 East 7th Street.
Glee club, handball, track.
Long Island University.
Sid, old top, man and friend;
He will reach a worthy end.

PAULINE COHN
949 East 12th Street.
Secretary of G. O., major general of service squad, secretary in permanent record room, social workers.
Seth Low College.
A friend of all we will agree,
Helpful, happy, don't you see.

ETHEL COOPER
3867 East 25th Street.
Math club, hockey club, tennis club.
New York University.
Short and petite and
Um—how sweet!

AUDREY CORCORAN
4209 Avenue M.
Class president 5 times, grade secretary, swimming.
Adelphi.
Audrey's been president and president again;
Despite all this she's everyone's friend.

EDWIN HARRIS CORNFIELD
7923 21st Avenue.
Dramatic society, art squad, Highway staff.
C. C. N. Y.
Journalist, artist, actor,
But—a ten o'clock scholar.

ELEANOR CORNERO
1763 East 5th Street.
P. S. A. L. pin, swimming, basketball, hockey.
The detention room will look very bare,
Without our little Eleanor there.

A. HALSEY COWAN
1624 East 2nd Street.
Cornell University.
Nothing to be said.

SIDNEY DANZIGER
1043 East 10th Street.
Roosevelt club, current events club, Highway representative.
New York University.

LEONARD DAVIDSON
2040 East 2nd Street.
Orchestra.
Columbia.

BEATRICE DELEEN
445 Flushing Avenue.
Dancing, madrigal, dramatics.
Dentistry.
Thin and small is Beatrice Deleen,
Yet she's always heard and always seen.

IGNATIUS THOMAS DE MINO
1964 East 12th Street.
Service squad. traffic, glee club, track.
St. Mary's.
Words can't describe him; use your own imagination.

ANNETTE DICKMAN
942 East 9th Street.
Arista, Mr. Schwartz's cutting squad, social workers club.
Adelphi College.
Even Arista and cutting squad
Can't make Annette work too hard.

JOAN DORFFMAN
2408 Avenue I.
Treasurer booster club, social welfare workers club, secretary, girls' swimming team.
Connecticut College for Women.
"Laugh and be merry; remember,
Better the world with a song."

RUTH DOLGIN
1126 East 9th Street.
Scholarship pin, president of the dancing club, basketball.
New York University.
Sweet and smiling,
Dancing and darling.

ARTHUR GILLETTE DOYLE
576 East 15th Street.
Kings Oaks student, two years varsity baseball, three years varsity cross country.
Springfield College.

ROSLYN EILEEN DRUCKER
2849 West 16th Street.
P. S. A. L. swimming pin, secretary of class, secretary to Mr. McNamara.
Business.
Roslyn's sweet smile,
Makes everything she does seem worth while.

MITCHELL DUBERSTEIN
3844 Nautilus Avenue.
Vice-president of class four terms, traffic squad, swimming.
Cornell.
Modest Mike, personality plus.

IRVING DUBOFF
942 East 12th Street.
President of 3rd term class, traffic squad, lunch room service.
C. C. N. Y.
A student of English literature and also of Gross exaggerations.

MARGARET DUHME
1928 East 37th Street.
Arista. Miss Zehner's office, secretary of German club.
Hunter.
Clever little deutsches Fräulein,
We all think you're very fine.

KATHRYN DUNLOP
1570 East 17th Street.
Hockey club.
Journalism.
This fair young senior called Kay,
Is judged by all as O. K.

AUBREY DUTTON
3817 Avenue I.
Orchestra, class president, sketch club.
Pratt Institute.
A regular fellow in a regular way.
A mighty good pal for many a day.

JACK ELLIN
713 Avenue P.
Glee club, traffic squad, track team.
C. C. N. Y.
His name is Jack,
But that doesn't keep him back.

JULIUS EPSTEIN
1828 East 17th Street.
Orchestra, tennis, service in modern language office.
New York University.
Ask Mr. Carrel, he knows.

MURIEL ESPOSITER
931 East 13th Street.
Class officer, basketball, swimming.
Hunter.
When better Eco books are written,
Muriel will write one.

NATHAN EISNER
2890 West 21st Street.
Class baseball team, class basketball team, mimeograph club.
New York University.
Nat's as good-looking as he's smart;
Hurry, girls, and play your part.

HENRY FAGIN
2476 Kenmore Place.
Service squad, Spanish club, traffic squad, secretary of French class.
This fellow Henry is some clever guy,
When he flunks, good-bye!

EDGAR FALKENBURG
2807 Avenue I.
Columbia.

MILTON FEITELSON
328—88th Street.
Captain traffic squad, French club, Latin club.
West Point.
O have you heard tell of Feitelson, the famous traffic squad lieut..
Who took French leave from Madison while supposedly on traffic route.

DOROTHY FELDMAN
1463 Ocean Avenue.
Officer of 6th and 7th grade. booster club, social welfare workers club.
United States School for Secretaries.

MURRAY FELTZIN
3120 Coney Island Avenue.
President of the law society, alternate on varsity debating team, president of Spanish club.
Columbia.
Darn nice fellow.

GEORGE FENSTER
911 East 9th Street.
Arista, lacrosse team, captain of current events team, sports editor of Senior Log.
University of Pennsylvania.
Both in athletics and studies, he does much,
A fine student this boy "Dutch."

Memories
the beach.
(June)
Henry E. Fagin

GLORIA GERALDINE FERNANDEZ
1429 East 29th Street.
Arista, secretary in permanent record room, Spanish club.
Barnard College.
Gloria thinks that Spanish is her mission,
And to teach it is her ambition.

JACK FETNER
706 Avenue P.
Multigraph squad, assistant floor manager, bank representative.
St. John's College.
The whole multigraph squad.

BERNARD FEYER
1515 East 28th Street.
Current events club, circulating manager of German club publication, madrigal and Latin clubs.
Light headed, but outside only.

BESSIE FISCHER
2366—63rd Street.
Basketball, tennis, chess.
Long Island University.
Though the only female in the club of chess
She always loses, unlucky Bess.

SEYMOUR S. FISHMAN
2731 Ford Street.
Booster club vice-president, lacrosse captain, swimming , track.
New York University.
He's the fellow who hands out the invitations for the detention room.

CHESTER FLAUM
1552 East 27th Street.
Orchestra, field band, Der Deutsche Verein.
Stevens Institute of Technology.
What will the orchestra do Wednesday afternoon
Without Flaum there to play the bassoon?

LEONORA GLADYS FLEISCHER
1334 East 9th Street.
Bronze scholarship pin, judge of honor court, captain of the lunch room.
Hunter College.
Pleasant, clever, too good to be true?
Is the way I'd describe you.

MURRAY FOLLENDER
601 Brighton Beach Avenue.
Spanish club, biology cub, history club officer.
City College.
This bird's feathers are different from the rest.
For of all the brain-twisting subjects he picks history as his best.

MARJORIE FORER
411 West 44th Street.
Silver scholarship pin, Spanish club, basketball, handball.
Hunter College.
Curly hair and smiling eyes.
That's Miss Marjorie, kind and wise.

MILTON FORMAN
1209 Avenue I.
Arista, math club, math team.
Columbia.
The amount of noise is inversely proportional to the size.

JUNE, 1929

VIVIAN M. FRANK
3744 Bedford Avenue.
Swimming letter, basketball letter, secretary to Mr. Knox and Mr. Lindlar.
Beaux Art.
Her big blue eyes and golden tresses
Are just a few reasons for her successive successes.

LAWRENCE FRANKEL
1112 Avenue L.
Orchestra, lunch room squad.
New York University School of Commerce.
He is the boy we like very much.
He says very little and gets in no Dutch.

LESTER FRANKLIN
1503 East 55th Street.
Traffic squad, service squad in lunch room.
Business.
Altho he's not much to look at, he'll get by.

ANTHONY FRAZIER
2045 East 28th Street.
U. S. Army Aviation Corps.

MINA FREDEN
238 Barrett Street.
Arista, president of 5th term class, varsity basketball team.
New York University.
If you ever go out on the courts at all,
You'll see Mina playing basketball.

ROSLYN FREEDMAN
1361 East 21st Street.
Life saving letters, tennis, writers' workshop.
College.
At tennis Ros is a crackerjack,
But I pity the ball that gets her whack.

MALCOLM FREUDENHEIM
4017 Bedford Avenue.
Vice-president 4th and 5th term official class.
New York University.
A good friend, but a better pal,
Ask anyone who knows Mal.

IRVIN FRIEDER
1433 East 19th Street.
Ice skating, judge in court.
St. John's.
Your desires may be scientific,
But in exercises you are prolific.

HAZEL FRIEDMAN
2055 Ocean Avenue.
Varsity play, dramatic society, Arista, cutting squad.
Cornell.
This is to Hazel, the actress supreme.
Did you see her as Tweeny?.. She sure was a dream.

OSCAR FRIEDMAN
1745 East 21st Street.
Class president, basketball squad.
Alfred University.
Hey Oscar!

S. SIDNEY FRIEDMAN
3904 Laurel Avenue.
Dramatic society, debating society vice-president, representative to International Law League.
Hebrew University of Jerusalem.
Though he resembles a tractor,
He's Madison's leading actor.

SIDNEY I. FRIEDMAN
2125 Mansfield Place.
Sketch club, track team, anti-litter squad.
Columbia or Pratt.
A bear for work.

ROBERT J. FUCHS
744 East 12th Street.
College.
Very reliable and trustworthy.

LILLIAN RUTH FUERTH
1834 East 9th Street.
Swimming, teacher's secretary, Spanish help.
New York University.
The call of a career has reached Lillian's ear,
I hope she attains it without a tear.

ALFRED GANULIN
1040 East 24th Street.
Varsity baseball 2½ years, captain of cross country team, class president 4 terms.
University of Southern California.
Here's Al, please do meet
Madison's famous boy athlete.

MICHAEL GARRAMONE
2028 West 5th Street.
Bronze scholarship pin, 3 Spanish certificates, 2 medals for Spanish.
College of the City of New York (evenings).

MURIEL GEIGER
1360 East 14th Street.
Swimming, tennis.
Hunter College.
A million dollar baby in the five and ten cent store.

ROSARIA GERACI
245 Quentin Road.
N. Y. U.
Last minute and I can't think of a thing.

ANNA GERSHBERG
1202 Avenue J.
Business, C. C. N. Y. evening.
Anne is serious about her work;
Her hardest task she'll never shirk.

ANGELO GIANTURCO
182 Bay 22nd Street.
Football squad, swimming squad, track squad.
University of Alabama.
Look out girls, here comes the shiek;
His mother feeds him dates.

JUNE, 1929

MAX GERSTEIN
27 Harvard Court.
Cross country 2 years, track team, bronze scholarship pin.
Pace Institute.
We hope your days at Pace and life
Will be as your high school days were—happy and nice.

CHARLES GILL
2192 Coney Island Avenue.
Track team, J. M. and New Utrecht.
N. Y. U. Commerce.

RUTH GILSOW
20 Clarkson Avenue.
Gym Arista, horseback riding, swimming.
Vassar College.
The girl with a smile,
Is the girl worth while.

SOL GINSBERG
4915 Surf Avenue.
School representative to Interscholastic Law League, secretary of law club, secretary of debating society.
Long Island University.
So I sez, I sez to King George.

WILLIAM GLASER
845 East 13th Street.
Arista, math help, bronze pin.
Pratt Institute.
Bill is very wise, you see.
An architect he want to be.

AARON GLASSMAN
1430 East 7th Street.
University of Michigan.
Joe Economics, the eco weasel.

EVE GLAZER
3028 Ivy Court.
Swimming.
Business.
One little dimple, one little girl,
One big smile that sets them awhirl.

SYDNEY GLEICH
2411 Avenue I.
Class president, class vice-president, traffic squad.
He's the lamp-post in the light that failed.

EDWARD GLEICHENHAUS
1913 East 17th Street.
Varsity football 3 years, bronze scholarship pin, track squad.
St. John's.
Eddie's tall and fair,
The answer to a maiden's prayer.

LEONARD GLEICHENHAUS
1913 East 17th Street.
Varsity football, track team, class president.
New York Dental College.
"He may be down, but he is never out."

VIRGINIA GLICKSMAN
1158 East 8th Street.
New York University.
Two perfect eyes, two perfect lips,
Take care, young man; do not slip.

SHIRLEY HARRIET GLIKSMAN
1415 East 7th Street.
Law club, tennis, basketball.
New York University.

HOWARD GLIEDMAN
1213 East 27th Street.
Swimming team, traffic squad, service squad.
Dartmouth.
When he starts right in to swim,
He wins his race with pep and vim.

MIRIAM GLUCK
720 Avenue M.
Tennis, hockey, handball.
Comptometry.
Her smile is as catching as her personality is fetching.

EDMUND GODFREY
1727 East 26th Street.
General office squad, booster club, rifle team.
Fordham University.
Just plain "whoopee!"

AMBROSE GOLDBERG
1877 East 9th Street.
Varsity soccer, varsity track, library squad.
Long Island University.

BELLA GOLDBERG
22 Neptune Terrace.
Scholarship pin, secretary for Miss McMahon, secretary for Miss Tebbe.
Business.
Modest as a violet, as a rosebud sweet,
You will have to go a long way to get Bella off her feet.

FRANCES GOLDBERG
519 Neptune Avenue.
P. S. A. L. swimming pin, dramatic society, tennis.
Maxwell.
Frances is sweet and smart, a sage;
But boys don't rush her, she's under age.

LEAH GOLDBERG
2037 East 5th Street.
Spanish certificate, service squad, law club.
Wellesley.
Looking at the world thru rose-colored glasses.

SYLVIA GOLDBERG
2506 Delamere Place.
Two M's for swimming, two M's for hockey, tennis.
Savage Institute of Physical Education.
She's pretty to walk with, witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on.

PAUL GOLDBERGER
123 East 35th Street.
Class president, class secretary, captain of traffic squad.
College of the City of New York.
A violinist, a singer,
A regular hum-dinger.

WILLIAM GOLDFARB
1063 East 16th Street.
Arista, math team, president Roosevelt society.
Columbia University.
Willie always will go shy.

SYDNEY GOLDFINGER
1526 East 10th Street.
Traffic and service squads, madrigal club, track.
Columbia Extension or U. of Penn.
Syd, the teachers' nemesis.

LEAH GOLDMAN
1556 East 26th. Street.
Dramatic club, secretary to Madison Highway, G. O. House of Representatives.
Business.
Witty and charming; can you ask more?
Leah's the girl we all adore.

FRED E. GOLDSMITH
1202 East 10th Street.
Class president, secretary, service and traffic squads.
New York University.
Brown eyes, dark hair,
Why should any girl despair?

ROSALIND GOLDSTEIN
2234 Ocean Avenue.
Arista, orchestra, dramatic society.
Hunter College.
For a sunny smile and disposition sweet,
This popular Rosalind can't be beat.

HARRY GOODMAN
3203 Neptune Avenue.
Lunch room squad.
C. C. N. Y. evening.
The answer to a maiden's prayer.

MAXINE GOODMAN
3304 East 25th Street.
Secretary to Mrs. Potter, assistant in history office, P. S. A. L. pin for swimming.
Kindergarten teacher.
Maxine's cute and very sweet,

MORRIS GOODMAN
3051 East 5th Street.
President of history club, member of debating society, law club.
Business, C. C. N. Y. evening.
None so good as Goodman.

HERBERT I. GORDON
2951 West 28th Street.
General office 2 terms, lunch room squad, track.
C. C. N. Y. evening.

HORACE GORDON
1869 West 11th Street.
President writers' workshop.
C. C. N. Y.
He's a jolly. fine chap with—huh?—a twinkle,

MYRON GORDON
976 East 9th Street.
Prefect president six times, dramatic society, track team, booster club.

CHARLES HUGH GORMLEY
2581 East 16th Street.
Secretary of history club, member of Newman club.
C. C. N. Y.
Tho' Charlie isn't in our hall of fame,
His friends all love him just the same.

WILLIAM HAYWOOD GOTTLIEB
8705 Bay Parkway.
Traffic squad, lunch room squad, biology club.
Columbia.
The cold logic of a Lenin; the oratory of a Trotzky; in short—an intellectual giant.

LEE GRAFF
688 East 7th Street.
Roosevelt founders medal, varsity debating team, Highway staff.
Lee is a varsity debater of note,
Say, you ought to hear that boy quote.

GEORGE GRAY
85 Hoff Street.
Track.
Gray, the fellow with the nice knot in his tie.

ABNER BERNARD GREEN
1131 East 26th Street.
Tennis, biology office, gym office.
University of Pennsylvania.
Only a smile will always pay,
That's what's nice about Abner's way.

DORIS GREENBERG
1629 East 2nd Street.
Tennis, basketball.
Cornell.
Tiny hands, tiny feet,
A diminutive package dainty and sweet.

JEANETTE GREENBERG
1485 East 32nd Street.
Scholarship pin, major of lunch room squad, Mr. Schwartz's cutting squad.
Syracuse College.
In German Jeanette's a brilliant star,
And her fame as a good sport is known near and far.

MILDRED GREENBERG
2624 Avenue L.
Sec. to Mr. Mishlich, madrigal club, Roosevelt club.
Damrosch Conservatory of Musical Art
Brown her eyes, black her hair;
Tell me, why do boys despair?

MILTON GREENBERG
714 Avenue R.
Booster club, press club, manager and player of the lacrosse team.
Penn State.
Our first Chinese all-scholastic swimmer.

JACK GREENFIELD
1893 Ocean Avenue.
Judge and captain of service squad, history club, leader of double-bass section.
Medical profession.

HERBERT GROPPER
1463 East 14th Street.
Cheer leader, booster club, inter-class debater.
C. C. N. Y.
Friends, Romans, lend me your ears.
Here's the boy with the peppy cheers.

ALFRED SEYMOUR GROSSMAN
1436 East 15th Street.
President first aid club, bulletin and poster clubs, lunch room and traffic squads.
N. Y. U. School of Commerce.
Contentment is a jewel that shines in any setting.

HENRY GROSSMAN
506 Avenue J.
Captain of service squad for four terms, major for two terms.
University of Maryland.
When he gets married, his father will have two wives to support.

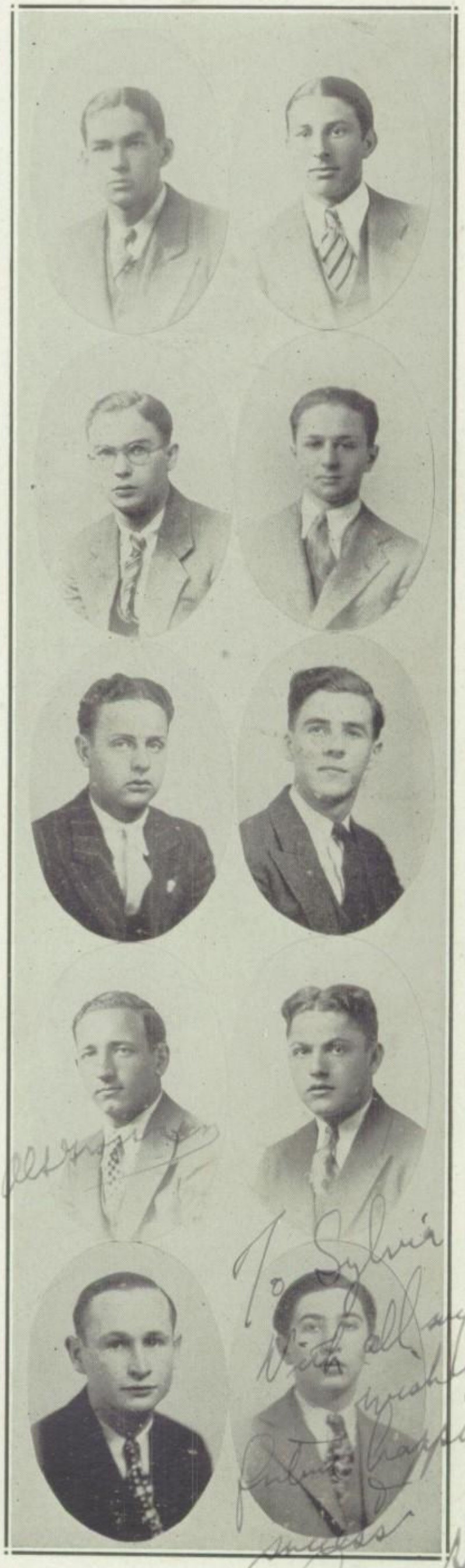
ALPHONSE GUARDINO
1908 Jerome Avenue.
Baseball, traffic squad, lunch room squad.
St. John's College.

RICHARD GUBNER
1554 Ocean Avenue.
Arista, editor-in-chief of Log, vice-president senior class, associate editor of Highway, captain of current events team, Big Parade staff, president Brooklyn interscholastic current events league.
Columbia.
We owe this Log, yes if you please,
To Dick, our erstwhile "ed.-in-cheese."

HAROLD GURLAND
1448 Ocean Parkway.
President of Spanish club, Arista, tennis squad.
Columbia.
Honest, clearcut, square, reliable,
Has one weakness, it's the Bible.

HARRY HAGLER
4 Elgin Court.
Manager of basketball, major M, stamp club.
Long Island University.

GERALD JOEL HALBREICH
2605 Avenue M.
Assistant floor manager second and fourth floors, dramatic club, debating club.
Columbia.



REINO HAMLIN
58 Kings Place.
Bronze scholarship pin, Kings Oak, traffic squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Don't give me any of those expensive toys; I'm one of these "Sonny Boys."

DANIEL HARFENIST
1616 East 29th Street.
Course in 3½ years, traffic squad, Highway agent.
C. C. N. Y.
When chalking up the best,
Don't forget Danny Harfenist.

JEANETTE HARRISON
1964 West 13th Street.
Swimming.
Business.
Friendly is her disposition,
Kindly is her mission.

PHILIP HARRISON
2537 Ocean Avenue.
Kings Oaks 8 terms, baseball, class president.
New York University.
Always ready to do his best,
Phil never seems to rest.

SARAH HARRISON
4220 Manhattan Avenue.
Basketball, biology club, bank clerk.
Packard.
Sarah is a basketball star of fame,
She always helps to win the game.

MURIEL HARTT
1901 Avenue S.
Girls' major M, swimming M, basketball M.
Savage.
Ah! Here comes Muriel, please do meet
James Madison's most famous girl athlete.

HERBERT HELFGOTT
2318 Avenue S.
Associate editor Black and Gold Beetle, law club, club bios, floor manager's assistant.
C. C. N. Y.
Big Herb always has a big hand for everyone.

JOSEPH GEORGE HELMAN
2855 West 35th Street.
Law club, basketball team (annex), track.
C. C. N. Y.
His favorite song is, "The 'Yanks' are coming."—Future dentist.

ABRAHAM HENDLER
2930 West 19th Street.
Orchestra, French club, traffic squad.
Business.
Why study?

ARTHUR HERRINGMAN
2322 Avenue P.
Interclass debating team, traffic squad, French club.
Cornell University.

SIDNEY HERSHKOWITZ
2861 West 25th Street.
Track team, Spanish club, lunch room squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Who can tell, if all goes well,
He yet may head this nation.

SANDERS HERSTEIN
2423 Avenue I.
Cornell.

KATHRYN HICKEY
2018 Schenectady Avenue.
Bank, swimming, basketball.
C. C. N. Y.
Frisky as a lambkin, busy as a bee,
Just look at Kitty, and there's plenty to see.

HELEN HERSHOWITZ
2137 Cropsey Avenue.
Inter-class debating, social workers, tennis club.
Nurses' Training School.
Helen is a mimicker and that's not all;
What about her Southern drawl?

THELMA HOLLAND
2125 East 13th Street.
Bronze scholarship pin, secretary to Mrs. Foster, Miss McCushing, Miss Bayliss and Miss Stieg, charge of gym locker room.
University of Michigan.
Dark are her eyes and dark her hair,
And dark her skin and yet she's fair.

REBECCA HOLOWITZ
3021 West 22nd Street.
Bronze scholarship pin, madrigal club, hand-ball.
Business, secretary.
A crime to be a churl
To such a charming girl.

ROSE HOLTZMAN
2355 Delamere Place.
Swimming, hockey, basketball.
Hunter.
Do you crave variety?
Just get in her society.

HORTENSE HOROWITZ
845—50th Street.
Vice-president of class, secretary in music room for 4 terms, dancing club.
Business.
Whom do we like in a large way—immense?
Of course you've guessed by now—Hortense.

EUNICE GREVE HOSCH
806 East 8th Street.
Vice-president, 4 terms secretary to the clinic.
Pratt.
To Eunice, chemistry is three in one;
She thinks, lives and breathes it.

WILLIAM HUNTER
921 East 35th Street.
Traffic squad, track, class baseball.
University of Virginia.
Southern damsels—beware!

JESSE HYMOWITZ
3733 Lyme Avenue.
Tennis team, track squad, traffic squad.
Lehigh.
One of the gang.

DOROTHY BEATRICE JACOBS
1069 East 36th Street.
Madrigal club, dancing club, history club.
Secretarial school.
In school she's quiet and demure.
Out side? I'm not so sure.

JANICE JACOBS
3245 Bedford Avenue.
Dancing, swimming, basketball.
Adelphi.
Dainty, little, cheery, and gay,
And wants to be a dancer some day.

JEANNETTE JACOBS
522 Ocean Avenue.
Booster club, social workers club, campaign speaker.
U. S. School for Secretaries.

EDWIN JACOBSON
1519 East 8th Street.
Traffic squad, library squad, anti-litter squad.
C. C. N. Y.
From freshman to senior, no questions asked!

MILTON JACOBSON
1871 East 9th Street.
Soccer team, captain library squad, service league, traffic squad, track team, G. O. representaive.
N. Y. U.

RUTH JACOBSON
1016 East 9th Street.
Sketch club, basketball, swimming.
Vassar.
Ruth is wonderful at keeping us amused,
But sometimes her humour gets us confused.

HYMAN JACOFF
2841 West 20th Street.
Traffic squad, captain in lunch room squad, dramatic society.
New York University.
A truer and mightier filibusterer in Eco was ne'er discovered by el señor Tobin.

SID JANKOWITZ
2454 Elmore Place.
Four years orchestra, gold pin, honor service, scholarship on viola through orchestra to Philharmonic.
Fordham Pharmacy.
If he could only read his eco notes as he can his music notes.—Signed, Mr. Tobin.

RUTH JOHNSON
4102 Avenue I.
Secretary to Miss Zehner, four terms, major award, P. S. A. L. pin in swimming.
New Jersey College for Women or Middlebury College.
Rosy cheeks and pretty hair,
With a personality that's very rare.

"Best Wishes
Norm

NORMAN KAFKA
1610 Avenue R.

Soccer team, track team, traffic squad.
University of Pennsylvania.
Hey, lemme the homework!

WILLIAM KAPELL
2210 Avenue R. ,

Annex biology club, service squad.
N. Y. U. School of Commerce.
Serves Broadway and everything about it.

BEATRICE KAPLAN
1725—68th Street.

Scholarship pin, French club, swimming, Spanish club.
Maxwell Training School.
Short, plump and dimpled.

DAVID GENE KAPLAN
824 Westminster Road.

Traffic squad, lacrosse team, swimming team.
Cornell University.
We wonder if it's "Alice" he describes in his two themes—"Is It Love" and "Girl of My dreams."

DAVID KAPLAN
2283 East 22nd Street.

Anti-litter squad.
Wall Street.
Sh-h! He's happy now!

SARAH KAPLOWITZ
4 Ocean View Avenue.

Punchball, swimming, secretary in gym III.
Maxwell Training School.
Her ambition is to aim high socially, financially and otherwise.

MILTON KARPF
1807 East 3rd Street.

Service squad, traffic squad, Highway agent.
C. C. N. Y.
A scientific mind capable of foreseeing future results.

ABRAHAM KARTEN
1282 East 8th Street.

Brooklyn Law School.

BEATRICE KASS
941 East 23rd Street.

Secretary G. O. bulletin squad, art editor of Vox Madisonia.
New York University.
Bea Kass is wedded to her art;
She and her pencil are never apart.

DAVID KATZMAN
4326 Manhattan Avenue.

Basketball, baseball, track, class president 3 terms, head of athletics 5th term committee, service squad.
Lehigh University.
The boy with the million dollar smile.

FRANCES KAUFMAN
811 New York Avenue.
Swimming chevrons, secretary, math help class.
New York University.
Drawing ladies' faces is her aim—
Let us hope they bring her fame.

MOE KAZICK
953 East 26th Street.
Baseball, football.
New York University.
Alas, alack, poor Moe we'll lose,
But the teachers consider it very harsh news.

SYLVIA KELLER
1611 East 7th Street.
Hunter College.
In "eco" she learned the law of demand;
Lord help the fellow who gets her hand.

HYMAN KERNER
2017—74th Street.
Football, cross-country, baseball.
Savage.
After three years he knows his math one.

GEORGE E. KESNER
1637 West 2nd Street.
Traffic squad, library squad, lunchroom squad.
U. of Alabama.
George is a fellow trusting and fine,
Destined to be a great success if given time.

BENJAMIN KILROY
Poly Tech.
1740 Stuart Street.
He thinks he's a big shot because he studied trigger-nometry.

SAUL KITTOWER
2153 Coney Island Avenue.
Orchestra, library squad, fourth floor manager's office.
New York University.
Student, musician, helpful to all,
Sturdy, capable—that boy Saul.

SELMA KLAUSNER
2306 Quentin Road.
Swimming, tennis, Madison Highway representative.
N. Y. U.
Selma dear, why so shy..
You'll have to meet him bye and bye.

BENJAMIN KLEIN
136 Bay 32nd Street.
College.
Our future captain of industry.

BERTRAM KLEIN
968 East 10th Street.
Traffic squad, biology club, Latin club.
N. Y. U.
Why Madison was built.

LUCILLE W. KLEIN
1237 East 18th Street.
Scholarship pin, president of Dolly Madison club, secretary of Roosevelt club.
New York University.
Lou is here, and Lou is there,
Lou it seems, is everywhere.

SIDNEY KLEIN
1540 East 66th Street. ,
Arista, traffic squad, lunch room squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Trying to find a rhyme
Is hard for this guy Sid Klein.

ZELMA KLEIN
1848—47th Street.
Scholarship pin, 3½ years, Dolly Madison club, basketball, swimming.
N. Y. U.
A valuable friend, splendid and sincere;
She's not always right, but peculiarly dear

THEODORE KLISTO
1767 East 29th Street.
Track, soccer, baseball, lacrosse, traffic squad.
N. Y. U.
A fast friend.

CECELIA KOCH
1078 East 9th Street.
Assistant to third floor manager ,scholarship pin, secretary to Mr. Fontaine.
Pratt Institute.
Her smile is as dazzling as the stars up above.
If she were bigger there'd be more to love.

AMELIA KOHN
3719 Neptune Avenue.
Math club, anti-litter.
Hunter College.
Silent waters are often deep.

GEORGE KONOWITZ
924 Avenue P.
Track, service squad, tennis squad.
Cooper Union.
"Bunny," the boy with the sunny disposition.

THERESA KRAPKOFF
937 East 26th Street.
Tennis, swimming.
New York University.
She's a sister to a firefly.
There always is a spark in her eye.

ALBERT KRANSDORF
1324—40th Street.
Orchestra, law, dramatics.
Long Island University.
A comedian and a fiddler too,
Be careful that this lad won't B stringing you.

HENRY KRAUT
2129 Coney Island Avenue.
Teachers lunch room, service squad, girls' lunch room counter.
C. C. N. Y.
Big butter and egg man from Coney Island Avenue.

SARAH KRINICK
2012 Mermaid Avenue.
Spanish pin, biology club, orchestra, tennis.
C. C. N. Y.
Tennis player and musician is she—
With fiddle makes a racket—see?

SIDNEY KRONFELD
2108 Avenue L.
Track team.
Michigan University.
A very fast boy is friend Sid,
Trouble is his rubber heels skid.

JOHN R. LAKE
354 Van Sicklen Street.
Arista, class president, silver scholarship pin.
Business.
Johnny's very thoughtful, you see.
He can't decide what he wants to be.

CECILE LAMBERT
880 East 8th Street.
Honor girl, secretary to Mr. Fontaine, dancing club.
New York University.
Always smiling, always gay,
In jolly moods she spends her day.

BERNARD LAMPERT
702 Avenue O.
New York University.
It's a far, far better thing that he does, than he has ever done.

HERBERT LEBOVICI
1663 East 29th Street.
Associate editor Big Parade, circulation manager of Log asst. concert master of orchestra, asst. sports editor of Highway, silver scholarship pin.
C. C. N. Y.

HENRY LEHMAN
819 East 9th Street.
Big Parade, tennis team, class president 3 terms, silver scholarship pin.
Harvard.

FLORENCE LEIBERT
762 East 3rd Street.
One little girl, one great big smile,
Florence is happy all of the while.

MILTON J. LEITERMAN
2962 West 1st Street.
Bulletin squad, madrigal club, sketch club.
Long Island University.
Every little bit helps—Milt too.

EUGENE LESTER
1246 East 29th Street.
Field band, orchestra, traffic squad.
Wall Street.
I'll work, if I have to!

JUNE, 1929

JAMES LESTER
1750 East 19th Street.
Scholarship award (bronze), Spanish certificate, baseball.
College.
Lester, his mathematics does he fear,
But he has ambitions to be an engineer.

JEROME LEVENTHAL
4200 Bedford Avenue.
Highway representative, traffic squad, anti-litter.
C. C. N. Y.
Silence is golden,
But speech is preferred.

JEROME LEVIN
1822 Avenue N.
Three terms traffic squad, lunch room squad.
New York University.

ARNOLD LEVINE
2174 East 9th Street.
Traffic squad, lunch room squad, anti-litter squad, history club.
College.
Curly hair, rosy cheeks,
Watch out, girls! He's not so weak.

BEATRICE LEVINE
2038 East 1st Street.
Senior representative, dramatic society, Highway representative.
Hunter.
Gay or moody as may be the case,
There's always a smile that can win a race.

EDWARD LEVINE
186 Clarkson Avenue.
Swimming, baseball, traffic squad.
University of Pennsylvania.
Serious—"Not a cough in a carload."

IDA LEVINE
2814 West 30th Street.
Latin club, French club, math club.
Business college.
"Pretty but—"

IRVING ARNOLD LEVINE
1558 East 8th Street.
Gym captain, traffic squad, service squad.
College.
Irv—not a cough in a carload—reach for him instead of a sweet.

SYLVIA LEVINE
1725 East 17th Street.
Swimming, tennis, sketch club.
Pratt Institute.
Latin prose she can't.
But, oh how she could chant!

ABE LEVINSON
955 East 12th Street.
Gold service pin, orchestra 8 terms, track team 2 terms.
Rutgers University.
Abe goes in for everything whether he can make it or not.

GEORGE LEVINSON
2619 Ocean Avenue.
"M" for orchestra, service league, field band, secretary to Mr. Elmer.
Cornell.
Small—but so was Napoleon.

PEARL LEVINSON
2 Cole Court.
Math and biology help squads, swimming, silver pin.
Business.
If kindness brought wealth,
Pearl would rival Croesus.

BENJAMIN LEVOW
301 Brighton Beach Avenue.
Track, locker-room squad, traffic squad.
C. C. N. Y.

ISAAC LEVY
2714 East 12th Street.
Spanish society, traffic squad, Kings Oak through school.
Columbia.
Member of the Secret Society of the Third Eyebrow.

MILDRED LEVY
2601 Avenue K
Basketball, bronze scholarship pin, punchball.
Long Island University.

SAUL KING LEVY
1136 East 14th Street.
Basketball squad, service squad, anti-litter league.
C. C. N. Y. evening.

HELEN D. LIANA
1160 East 8th Street.
Class secretary, hockey, swimming, basketball.
C. C. N. Y.
Helen is good-natured, sweet and true,
Her well done homework she'll always lend to you.

EVELYN LICHT
1221 Avenue I.
Secretary in permanent record room, social workers, hockey team.
New York University.
Evelyn is there with the best,
But she is different from the rest.

CELIA LICHTENSTEIN
1405 Coney Island Avenue.
Secretary to Mr. Wolfson, secretary to Mrs. Neiman, lunch room squad.
Business. C. C. N. Y. evening.
Two things observe with care:
Celia's ready laugh and pretty curly hair.

THEODORA LICHSTEIN
513 Quentin Road.
Secretary to Miss Steig, biology help squad, captain of lunch room squad.
You could tell "Red" a mile off,
But you couldn't tell her much.

LILLIAN LIPSHITZ
2273 East 22nd Street.
Scholarship pin, graduating 3½ years, secretary to Mrs. Foster.
C. C. N. Y. evening.
Though all faith in girls is "busted,"
We'd say, "Here's one that can be trusted."

ARTHUR LIZZI
1650 East 7th Street.
Two Spanish certificates.
New York University.
Modest, but—watch out, girls.

THEODORE LOEW
32 Kenmore Place.
Captain of printing squad, rifle team.
Cornell.
Ted Loew, etaoin shrdlu.

HERBERT W. LLOYD
2674 Elmore Place.
Swimming, class president, traffic squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Herbert W. Lloyd! Savant and sage,
He surely is too wise for one of his age.

VINCENT LOUGHRAN
4016 Avenue S.
Chess club, traffic squad.
Friendly to many, trusting few.
He always paddled his own canoe.
1233 East 37th Street.

RHODA LOWENSTEIN
1233 East 37th Street.
Madrigal club, traffic squad, class secretary.
Columbia University.
Rhoda is noted for blushing like a beet.

PERCY LUMSDEN
1415 East 9th Street.
Scholarship pin.
Business.

ROSE LUSKIN
2006 Mermaid Avenue.
Hockey, swimming, art.
Pratt Institute.
To name one charm would be unfair.
For she's a girl beyond compare.

DORIS H. LUSTGARTEN
1302 Avenue N.
Biology office, basketball, tennis.
Hunter.
She's not an example—she's a problem.

PLEASANCE J. R. LYON
1841 East 21st Street.
Poster club, sketch club, water color club.
Europe.
Pleasance is an artist quite supreme;
She won't be long to realize her dream.

CHARLES S. MacGREGOR
1081 East 43rd Street.
Secretary to Mr. Lightcap.
Purdue University.
The mathematical genius who studied trig-gernometry in Chicago.

RUTH MacINTOSH
1872 East 9th Street.
Chevron in swimming.
Business.
Fifteen minutes of study, lunch the rest of the day,
That would be her program if Ruth had her way.

LEO MACKTA
1871 Flatbush Avenue.
Rifle team, chemistry squad.
C. C. S. Y.
That's no television set; it's a spark plug!

THELMA MacNIVEN
50 East 32nd Street.
Business school.
To a bonnie Scotch lass,
We all raise a glass.

GERTRUDE MADOFF
1214 East 34th Street.
Arista, history help squad, hockey club.
College.
Quiet, helpful, shy,
To give her aid she will always try.

SOPHIA MAISEL
1628 East 23rd Street.
Long Island University.
You've it so keep it,
Be sure now don't lose "It."

JOSEPH MALAFRONTE
162 Van Sicklen Street.
Secretary to Miss Fletcher, library squad, class basketball, class baseball.
C. C. N. Y.
Joe worked for the library to do his supplementary readings.

FANNIE DORIS MAMBER
2066 East 9th Street.
Fannie is wise;
She knows a lot for her size.

JULIUS MANDELSBERG
1232 Avenue U.
Long Island University.
Girls, tall, dark, and handsome, and what's more, not married.

FRANCES MANN
1170 East 13th Street.
Basketball. tennis, swimming, secretary to Miss Keating.,
Maxwell.
You can't resist a girl like Frances,
When she flashes one of her glances.

LIONEL MANN
3737 Laurel Avenue.
Track team 4 years, captain and assistant captain, class president 6 terms, grade president 3 terms, Madison Highway, 4 terms, reporter, news editor, and senior columnist.
The boy who panned the seniors all term.

LIBORIA MARCESA
1559 East 26th Street.

EVELYN MARCUS
1745 East 51st Street.
Swimming, basketball, history club.
Eastern Night College.
"If there were more Latin in school, Evelyn would surely take it."

MICHAEL MARCUS
2402 Bedford Avenue.
Class president 2 times, all-scholastic swimming, champion of Brooklyn 100 yd. swim.
Oberlin College.
To sum him up appropriately would be a big job.

RALPH MARCUS
2307 Avenue S.
Founder and editor of Black and Gold Beetle for three years, official of biology club and club bios for seven terms, president of progressive party, dramatic society 5 terms.
Columbia.
A heart of gold, 'tis made more so
By a cheerful smile and a merry hello.

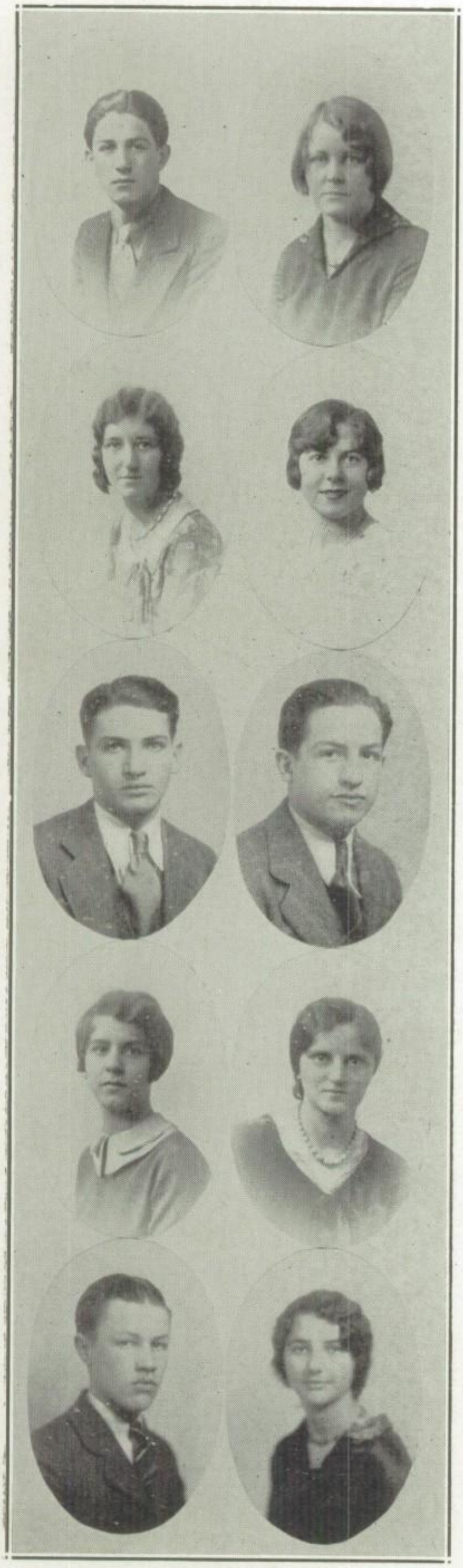
SAM MARCUS
1956 Ocean Parkway.
Syracuse University.
Sam Marcus is a fellow fine,
Into something great he is going to climb.

RUTH MASKE
1462 East 64th Street.
Bronze scholarship pin, typewriting certificate, Junior Arista of Richmond Hill H. S.
Business.
Always happy, always gay,
Every one should be that way.

MARCUS MASON
574 Rogers Avenue.
Captain of junior varsity football team, service squad, madrigal club.
University of Pennsylvania.

ARTHUR MATCH
423 Ocean Parkway.
Track team, law club, anti-litter.
Brown University.
Track team and law club are his favorite notions;
Diligence, integrity, and courage due to his devotions.

GLADYS ELEANOR MATHIESEN
5705 Avenue L.
Glee club (Ramsey High, New Jersey), girl reserve, tennis.
Gladys Mathieson is a belle;
She plays the piano very well.



FRANK MATUS
1011 East 12th Street.
Spanish certificate, scholarship pin.
Columbia.
He must read of Robin Hood's men for he talks "little" but says "much."

VERONICA McGUIRE
1206 East 38th Street.
History club, Newman club, dancing club.
Business.
Well, the dancing club is good practise for business.

GEORGE MEISLER
1114 East 24th Street.
2 major M's, 3 minor M's, varsity football, varsity track 2 years, manager of G. O. store, manager of the football team, class president, vice-president.
University of Alabama.
Madison's first football player-manager.

SYLVIA MENDELSOHN
2958 East 6th Street.
Pindaric society, handball, swimming.
She is a young girl, quite debonair,
To us she is known by her sweet, gracious air.

ROLAND MEYER
1334 East 32nd Street.
G. O. representative for official class, Spanish club.
Business.
Well, Roland got 100% G. O.

HELEN MIDDLETON
2416 Ocean Avenue.
Girls' P. T. honor society, hockey, swimming, basketball.
Savage.
What mystery lies in Helen's smile, makes us pause and think awhile;
No need to think and guess any more, for Helen's a tease, to the core.

VERA MILLER
1127 East 26th Street.
Dramatic society, debating club, madrigal club, gym office, secretary of official class.
Parson's School of Fine and Applied Art.
This little "brown head" has a true tan spirit,
A mixture of colors, with true blue in it.

VICTOR MILLER
1252 East 21st Street.
Class president, vice-president, service, lunch room squads.
N. Y. U.
Vic Miller may not be much of a scholar or athlete,
But as a fine fellow he's pretty hard to beat.

ADAMANTIA MINAKAKE
1606 Mermaid Avenue.
Swimming, tennis, basketball.
Style, unique, because she is Greek.

FLORENCE MIRMOWITZ
1726 East 22nd Street.
Scholarship pin, M for life saving, hockey pin, basketball, French club.
Hunter College.
Florence is very quiet in school,
But when she's outside she's no fool.

JACOB A. MISHKIN
1459 East 26th Street.
Traffic squad, lunch room squad, history club, Spanish club.
New York University.
A student of much capability,
Who shall conquer every possibility.

SAM MOGEL
1758 Dahill Road.
Gym pianist.
Long Island University.
Did you see him make the others exercise?

ROSE MOLINOFF
2923 Avenue I.
Dancing, hockey, baseball, and tennis.
Montessori Training School.
Erasmus loses to Madison in the game of chance;
Rose in her last term enters our Alma Mater and starts romance.

MARTIN MICHAEL MONTELEONE
1644 Elmore Place.
Baseball, handball, football, traffic squad.
When in gloom and in need of a friend,
Call on him; he'll stick to the end.

DOROTHY ISABEL MOORE
2605 Avenue M.
Arista, third floor manager's office, basketball.
Adelphi.
A poised young lady with a friendly air,
Would be a good friend anywhere.

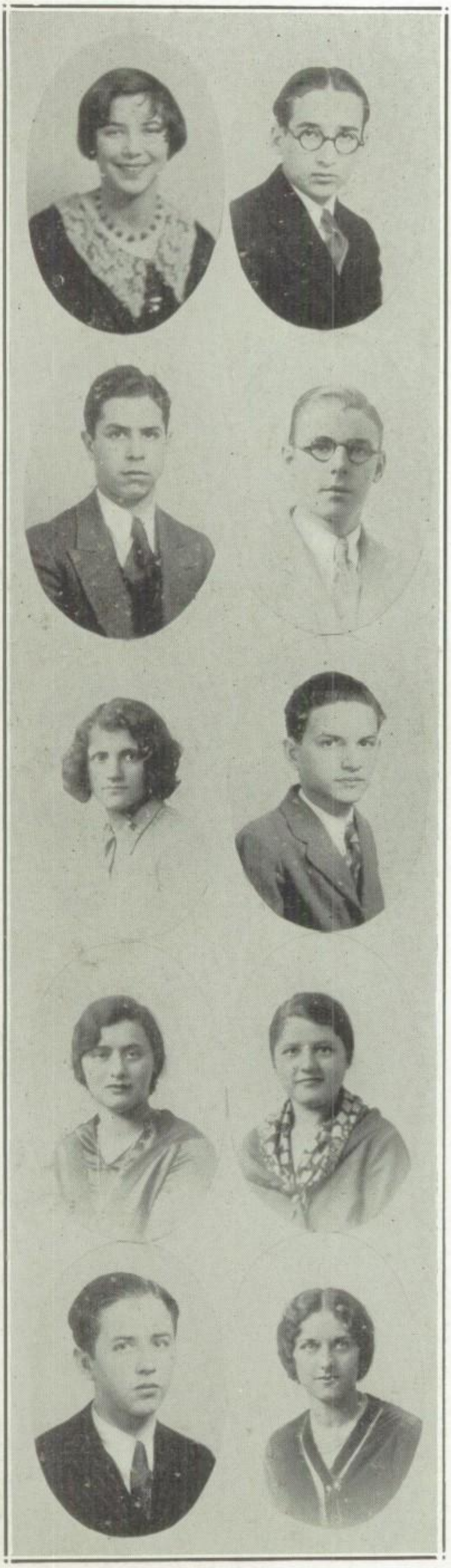
FRANCES MORITZ
2856 West 33rd Street.
Three Spanish certificates, Spanish club, Latin club.
Maxwell Training School.
What! Another Spanish certificate!

SHERRY FAYE MOROWITZ
1381 East 16th Street.
Horseback, basketball, tennis.
New York University.
Sherry may not be good at courses,
But she certainly knows her horses.

ESTHER MOSKOWITZ
3029 Coney Island Avenue.
Swimming, tennis, basketball.
Long Island University.
For those who know her not, no words can paint;
For those who know her, no words too faint.

ANNE MOTT
346 Neptune Avenue.
Medal for civic activities.
When you hear a merry laugh and see a sunny smile,
You'll know our Anne has stopped to linger for a while.

JOHN MURPHY
1540 East 48th Street.
Fordham.
A typical Madisonian.



ALICE NADLER
1208 East 7th Street.
Assistant to third floor manager, class president, tennis.
New York University.
Some things are funny, some things are sad,
But Alice thinks smiling's the fad.

MILTON NEBENZAHL
1098 East 8th Street.
Service league, mandolin club, Pasteur science club.
Stock brokerage house.
What's mine is mine, and what's yours I'm willing to divide with you.

BELLE NEUFIELD
2943 West 31st Street.
Arista, secretary to Mr Wilford, scholarship pin.
Hunter College.
At French she's just a corker, for the teachers think so too.
We wish you just as much success in everything you do.

ANNA NEVELOFF
816—45th Street.
Madrigal club 8 terms, secretary of senior official class.
Business.
A combination of all that's nice,
The one human without a vice.

PHILIP NEWBOLD
705 Avenue T.
Vice-president of class, traffic squad, lunch room squad.
Dartmouth.
For reticence of mind and shyness of nature,
Phil is surpassed by none.

ABRAHAM NEWMAN
1067 East 15th Street.
Graduating in 3½ years.
C. C. N. Y.
If he were as good an artist as he is a scholar,
He would be good indeed.

SHERRILL NEWTON
974 East 18th Street.
Orchestra, field band, traffic squad.
Hamilton.
"To the well-born soul the worth does not wait for the number of years."—Corneille.

HENRY NISSNEWITZ
3623 Mermaid Avenue.
City championship chess team, vice-president of chess club, Spanish club.
C. C. N. Y.
He may not know his onions,
But "enyhow" he knows his chess.

FLORA OBST
1504 East 9th Street.
Business school.
Short, dark, shy,
Quiet too, but, oh my!

BEATRICE R. ORENSTEIN
1863 Ocean Parkway.
Booster club, pianist of madrigal club, swimming, basketball.
New York University.
Bea Orenstein, our "syncopation kid,"
Over those keys her fingers sure do skid.

ROBERT L. PALEIAS
870 East 10th Street.
Football, lacrosse, boxing.
Columbia University.
Even some of the greatest men,
Enjoy a little nonsense now and then.

RUTH PANZER
2139—77th Street.
Representative for art weaving at Grand Central Palace, tennis club, swimming.
Business.
Ruth—a really delightful gal,
Who certainly makes one good pal.

JEAN J. PARKET
1336 East 7th Street.
Silver scholarship pin, basketball team, French and Spanish clubs.
Business.
Here's a girl with it galore,
One Parket without a floor.

CARMEN PASCUAL
1614 West 9th Street.
Spanish club, math help squad, swimming.
Hunter College.
Always smiling, never blue,
A helping hand she'll give to you.

IRVING PELLICH
1127 Neptune Avenue.
French club, French plays.
C. C. N. Y.
This fellow, we know, tries to sing;
But he'll surely do better as harmonica king.

SHIRLEY PELTON
1418 East 5th Street.
Dramatic club, Highway agent.
Hunter.
Waves and waves, the Atlantic has nothing on her.

LUCILLE C. PERLER
1249 East 9th Street.
Athletic awards, scholarship award, president of class 2 terms.
Elmira College.
Wavy hair and hazel eyes,
She'd walk off with any prize.

EMILIE PETERSEN
1740 Hendrickson Street.
Maxwell Training School.

ALFRED PFEIFER
2560 Coney Island Avenue.
Track team, Madison Highway, the Log, English office squad.
University of Pennsylvania.
One side, Nurmi! Here comes Al!

WILLIAM PICK
2669 Kenmore Place.
Post graduate course in Madison.
What can the lunch room do now that its best customer has left?

GERTRUDE PINKHAM
3812 Flatlands Avenue.
Captain of track club at Girls' Commercial, basketball and track pin Girls' Commercial.
Business.
No relation to Lydia Pinkham.

MILTON PLATKIN
2294 East 23rd Street.
Track team, sketch club, art squad.
Cartoonist with Newark Evening News.
Outside the editor's office, this budding genius stands,
And stands and stands and stands—and stands and stands and stands and stands.

ROSE PLITKIN
2421 Avenue L.
Hockey, basketball, secretary to Miss McConville.
Pratt Institute.
Rose is attractive but that is not all,
For her head is colleective and contains nothing small.

SOL POLANSKY
1105 Neptune Avenue.

ROSE POLITZER
2137 Coney Island Avenue.
P. S. A. L. pin, swimming chevrons.
New York University.
A little girl with curly hair.

MARIEN POLLACK
2701 Avenue J.
French club, Miss Zehner's office, Miss McConville's office, tennis club, Latin club.
New York University.
"To tell the truth, how long did you save
To pay for that classy permanent wave."

MORRIS BERNARD POLLIKOFF
3063 East 4th Street.
Spanish club, locker room squad, secretary to Mr. Spalter.
C. C. N. Y.
Of all the queerest subjects he did like,
His included "hic, hoac, hoc."

MAE POLUSKY
1615 East 10th Street.
Business.
Gentlemen may prefer blondes,
But Mae is the reason they marry brunettes.

HENRY POPPER
1058 East 14th Street.
Arista, medals in elementary and intermediate algebra, treasurer of the math club.
C. C. N. Y.
Will somebody please teach this boy some algebra?

FREDERICK POSSES
752 Coney Island Avenue.
Plectrum club, Latin club, service squad.
N. Y. U.
The amalgamation of Cellini, Casanova, and what have you?—
And so says Mary—she knows.

JUNE, 1929

EDWARD PRICE
1841 Haring Street.
St. Francis College.
To be—Yes, what am I to be?
Oh! How I wish someone would solve that for me.

MAX PROOPIS
1474 Ocean Parkway.
Winner of Times Oratorical Contest 1927.
Columbia, pre-dentistry.
He is the gentleman who prefers blondes.

MURRAY RABINER
1221 East 21st Street.
1st floor manager's squad, G. O. store, service squad.
Columbia University.
"Have you seen his latest Doodle-bug?"

PAUL B. RADIN
3168 Coney Island Avenue.
Track team, lieutenant on service squad, Highway staff.
Pratt Institute.

SYDNEY RAND
1600 East 9th Street.
Service award, president of orchestra, traffic squad.
C. C. N. Y.
He's so good that he writes his own jingle.

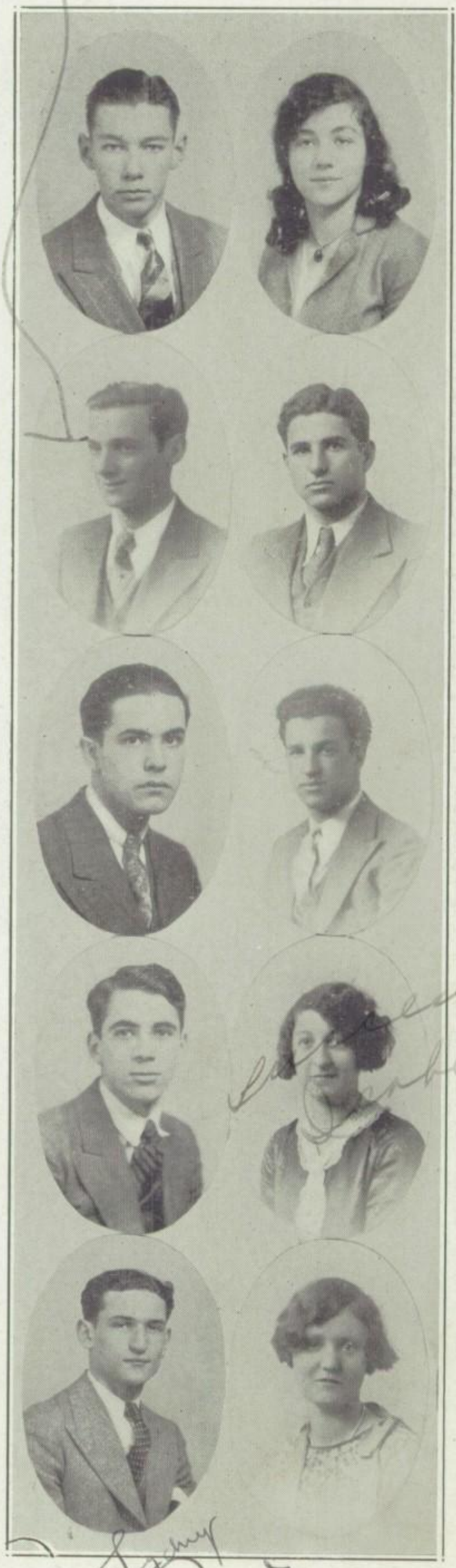
REITA RAPHAEL
2522 Ocean Avenue.
Madrigal club, math help class, parents' exposition.
Cooper Union.
A delightful young lady whose lovableness and jollity are at least as great as her appetite.

IRVIN M. RAPPAPORT
1142 East 14th Street.
Track team, art squad, sketch club.
New York School of Fine and Applied Art.
On the track he is very sad,
But on the parallel bar he is not so bad.

JACOB RATNER
1959 East 19th Street.
Art squad, floor managers assistant, secretary for elocution and art departments.
Savage Institute.
Jacob Ratner, Jack of all trades and "mirabile dictu," master of some.

ISABELLE RATTNER
850 East 23rd Street.
Swimming pin, horseback, dancing clubs, basketball.
New York University.
Isabelle is sweet and musically inclined,
But never leaves her other studies behind.

LORETTA RAYWOOD
1792 West 8th Street.
Representative of art weaving at the Grand Central Palace.
Business.
Loretta has a great big heart,
And she's willing to give all her friends a part.



LILLIAN REITMAN
1245 East 13th Street.
Madrigal club, tennis, basketball.
Secretary.
In school she is very demure,
But outside—we're not so sure.

WILLIAM REITZE
1661 Madison Place.
Silver service pin, booster club, orchestra, field band.
St. John's.
Better late than never.

CECILIA RICKLER
1629 East 24th Street.
Secretary to Mis Thun, cutting, service, and traffic squads, madrigal club.
Hunter.
She believes in fate,
For she hopes to graduate.

HAROLD RINZLER
2015 East 3rd Street.
Secretary to Mr. Schindler, Mr. Ryan, swimming, baseball.
University of Pennsylvania.
He thinks he's a John Barrymore because his mother feeds him on dates.

JOHN RIPPERE
1819 Newkirk Avenue.
Arista, leader in gym, math team.
Polytechnic Institute.
I disagree. I've found a fallacy.

ANNA RIVLIN
1670—41st Street.
Graduating in three and a half years, tennis.
Business.
She is—how do you say it?—unique.

RAPHAEL ROBERTAZZI
1506 Avenue U.
Fordham.

HOPE ROBINSON
1118 East 38th Street.
Girl reserves, tennis, swimming.
Business college.
She may not be petite,
But she sure is pretty and sweet!

CAROL RODGERS
932 East 23rd Street.
President of Latin club, president of official class, basketball.
College.
Carol is a girl who is most handy;
When it comes to chuckling, she's a dandy.

SEYMOUR ROMAN
1784 East 31st Street.
Business mgr. of Senior Log, circulation mgr. of Madison Highway, president of writers' workshop, letter cross country, G. O. store.
Journalism, Columbia Evening.
No, it's not a danger signal—it's only Seymour blushing.

RUTH ROSEMAN
1099 Coney Island Avenue.
High school in 3½ years, secretary for Miss Lancaster, bronze pin.
C. C. N. Y. evening.
Miss Lancaster is brokenhearted,
For Ruth and she will soon be parted.

SAMUEL JULES ROSEN
2267—85th Street.
Sketch club, literary club, football, basketball.
New York University.
If Sam spoke a little quicker his last word would overtake his first word.

SIDNEY ROSEN
1045 East 27th Street.
Arista, silver scholarship pin, traffic squad.
Columbia.
He knows his aviation.

ETHEL ROSENBAUM
1582 East 2nd Street.
Secretary in gym. class secretary, swimming.
United States School for Secretaries.

BERTRAM ROSENBERG
965 East 8th Street.
English office squad, traffic squad, varsity football team, major letter, football club.
New York University.
Bert plays football—that's necessary.
But say, doesn't he make a swell secretary?

DAVID ROSENBERG
1972 East 9th Street.
Business.
Tall, but so was Lincoln.

GERTRUDE ROSENBERG
1972 East 9th Street.

JOSEPH A. ROSENBERG
2611 Avenue K.
Basketball squad, service squad, graduating in 3½ years.
Yale.
He's a cracker jack,
The more you know him, the more you want to know him.

SAM ROSENBERG
2953 West 30th Street.
Assistant major of traffic squad, manager of boxing team, swimming, cross country.
St. John's College.
He is built just right for everything,
Whether it is work, athletics, or play.

EMANUEL ROSENBLATT
1962 Ocean Avenue.
Lunch room cashier, service squad, lunch room squad, class secretary.
Syracuse University.
He reminds me of the "Great White Way" —he's such a bright boy.

JEANNE ROSENBLATT
1511 East 7th Street.
Secretary to Mr. Mayer, secretary to Mr. Kopke, biology office.
New York University.

MILTON ROSENBLATT
1511 East 7th Street.
Art on Madison Highway.
Pratt Institute.

SOLOMON ROSENBLATT
3625 Mermaid Avenue.
Service award, library, traffic squads.
New York University.

EMIL ROSENBLUTH
1565-A West 8th Street.
Traffic squad, lunch rom squad, law club.
C. C. N. Y.
A future Dr. Yank (painless).

NORMAN ROSENSTEIN
2930 West 19th Street.
Arista, lunch room, Roosevelt and math clubs.
C. C. N. Y.
Draw me a diagram.

RAYMOND ROSENSTEIN
2089 East 47th Street.
Advertising manager Madison Highway, advertising manager the Log, English squad.
College.
'Ray for advertising.

GERTRUDE A. ROSSELLA
3031 East 5th Street.
Life saving M, president of class, vice-president of class.
Adelphi College.
Her charm and personality rare,
Assure her popularity everywhere.

IDA ROBERTA ROSSETT
1755 Ocean Parkway.
Arseta, bronze pin, secretary to Mr. Mayer.
Hunter College.
She's everyone's pet,
Charming? You bet.

FREDA M. ROTHENBERG
2304 Coney Island Avenue.
Lunch room squad, cutting squad.
Business.
Freda likes music in different keys,
And how she can tickle the ivories.

JEANNE R. RUBIN
1688 East 18th Street.
Literary editor of Black and Gold Beetle, Big Parade, dramatic society.
Columbia Extension.
Unsophisticated, witty, and lots of pep, too,
Are there any more in Bawston similar to to you?

REHA RUBIN
3053 Bedford Avenue.
Seventh term official class secretary, swimming club, basketball club.
Syracuse University.
If she were a head of lettuce, she'd cut herself in two,
She'd give the leaves to everyone, and save the heart for—who?

EDWARD RUBINSTEIN
1373 East 12th Street.
Secretary for two terms, orchestra, library squad.
New York University Washington Square.
He wears fancy clothes, and pure black silk hose but you should see his freckles and cute pug nose.

PHILIP D. RUBINSTEIN
412 Ocean View Avenue.
Senior class representative, traffic squad, Spanish club, class vice-president.
Columbia.
Always there on a dare!

HYMAN RUSSO
2716 East 12th Street.
Handball, swimming, baseball.
C. C. N. Y.
He went through school—
When the janitor wasn't looking.

CHARLES RUTKOFF
2524 Delamere Place.
Arista, editor-in-chief Vox Madisonia, president of Roosevelt club, president of class.
Syracuse University.
Charlie's a six-footer, all wool, a yard wide.
A favor once asked is never denied.

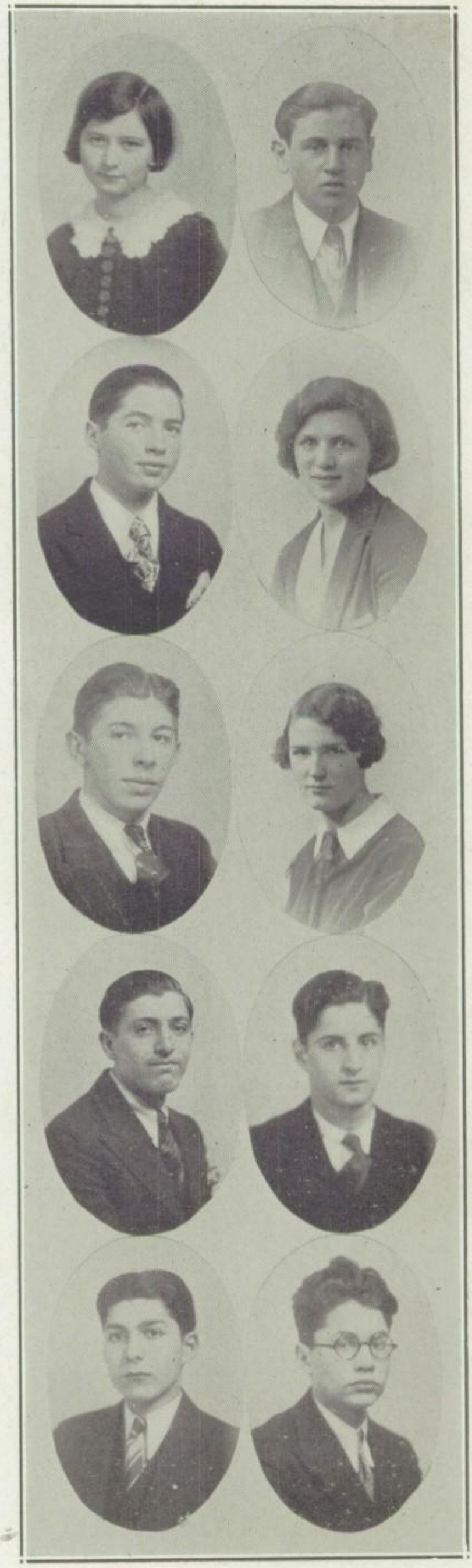
AARON RUTKOVSKY
2830 West 24th Street.
Latin club, French club, madrigal club.
C. C. N. Y.
With good sportsmanship he abounds—
So to knock him we've no grounds.

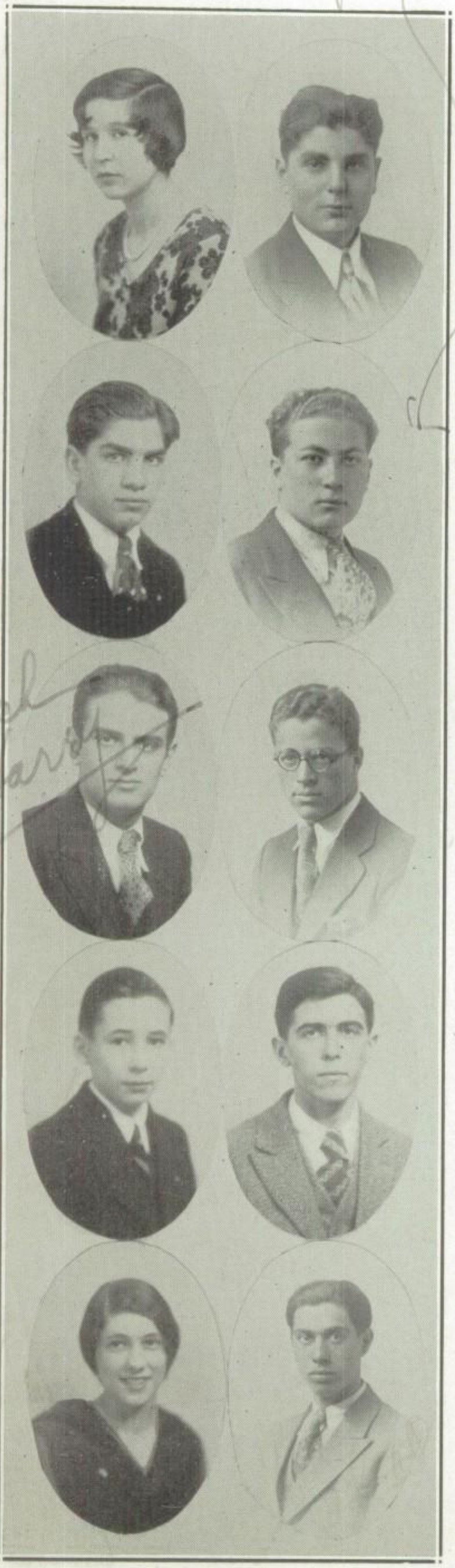
TILLIE RUTTA
3420 Quentin Road.
Silver pin in dancing, dancing club, swimming, basketball.
New York University.
Tillie's O. K.—we'll all agree,
And less than that she'll never be!

TERESITA RYAN
1261 Ocean Avenue.
Writers' Workshop.
Columbia School of Dental and Oral Surgery.
A world where there is only one pronunciation for her name, and no math—Teresita's Utopia.

THEODORE R. SADOCK
2106—80th Street.
Class president, track, service.
University of Virginia.
A mathematics genius who learned his trigaernometry in Chicago.

SYLVAN SAMILSON
1040 East 12th Street.
Arista, cross country, service squad.
Business and Columbia Extension.
The bicycle champ of Arista fame;
Ask Lionel Mann, he gave me that name.





HELENE SAMMETT
1707 Quentin Road.
Scholarship pin, P. S. A. L. swimming pin, batik club, horseback riding club.
Hunter College.
A shy, retiring, modest girl who can accomplish much.

ISAAC SANDERS
2835 West 37th Street.
Chem squad, traffic squad, law club.
Seth Low—Columbia.
Sanders wrote a ballad.
Shakespeare was a good writer too.

HARRY SCHAPS
2016 Avenue M.
M for 2 years service in orchestra, secretary to Mr. Elmer, bronze service pin.
Long Island University.
Harry's modesty is a candle to his merit.

LEONARD I. SCHIFF
1770 East 22nd Street.
Arista, president of math club, clarinet soloist of orchestra.
Ohio State University.
Girls, just wait until he gets over his bashfulness.

PESSA M. SCHIFF
1770 East 22nd Street.
Arista, literary editor of Log, humor editor of Big Parade, writers' workshop.
Ohio State College.
Since I'm humor editor no one will write my epitaph!

ADRIAN J. SCHIFFER
8717—4th Avenue.
Arista, silver scholarship pin, orchestra.
New York University.
Steady of head and heart, steady of gaze,
He's sure to make good one of these days.

ARNOLD A. SCHILLINGER
2824 Mermaid Avenue.
Football, swimming, law club, boxing club.
College.
Bashful and blonde,
But of one can be fond.

JOSEPH SCHINDLER
914 Avenue M.
Baseball 2 years, football 2 years, first floor cutting squad.
New York University.

BEN SCHNEIDER
1863 East 13th Street.
Spanish club, handball, track.
C. C. N. Y.

JULIUS SCHNEIDER
1543 Ocean Parkway.
Lunch room squad, soccer, dramatic society.
College.
He is the fellow we all admire,
Because he's quiet and full of satire.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER
2322 Mermaid Avenue.
Lunch room service squad, book room squad, traffic squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Introducing William Schneider,
The echo of the eco' class.

JACK SCHREIBMAN
2149 Coney Island Avenue.
Kings Oak, traffic squad, service squad.
Long Island University.
The man who thinks he is going to be a second Metchnikoff.

JACK SCHULTZ
843 East 10th Street.
Traffic squad, service squad, orchestra, Big Parade.
Cornell University.
He may be tall but he's all there.

HERBERT SCHUTZ
1241 East 21st Street.
Traffic squad, graduating in 3½ years, biology club, gym piano player.
New York University.

ISIDORE SCHULWOLF
1684—76th Street.
President of annex current events club, class president six times, major of service squad.
New York University.
Big, husky, and handsome; the answer to a maiden's prayer.

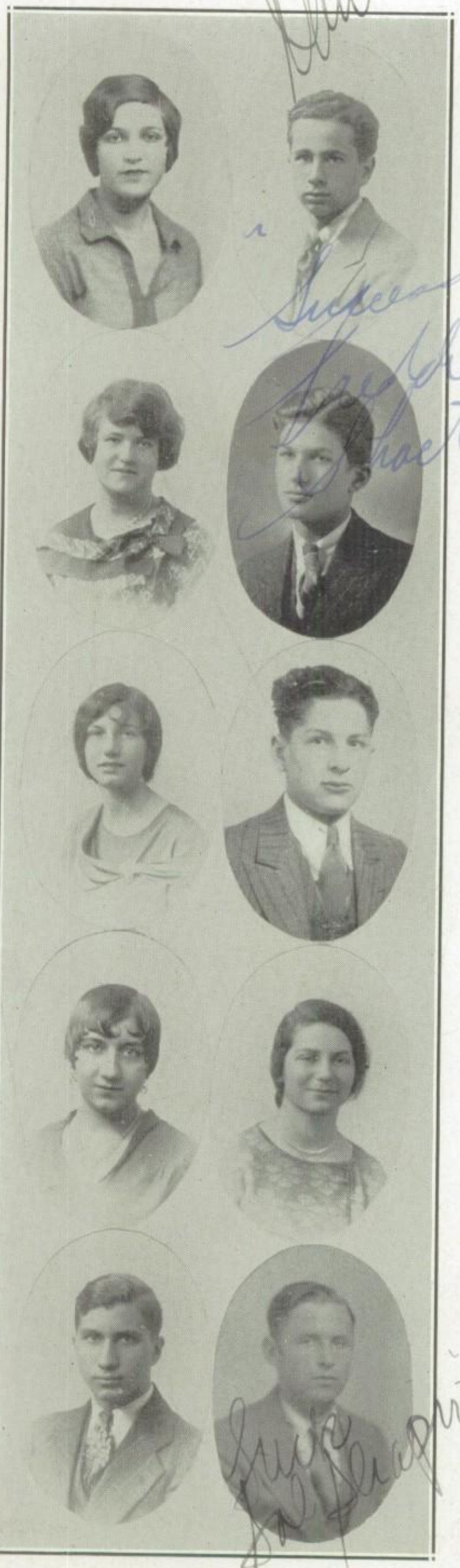
NATALIE SCHUPPER
2169 East 22nd Street.
Anti-litter league, French club, lunch room squad.
New York University.
Witty and clever, ambitious truly,
With a head of hair that's quite unruly.

ALFRED LEWIS SCHWALB
620 East 26th Street.
History club, current events club, traffic squad.
Lehigh University.

IRMA SCHWARTZ
1782 East 15th Street.
Swimming, tennis, hockey, major M for swimming, red cross examiner.
New York University.
Irma is full of pep and vim,
Because she's always in the "swim."

SID L. SCHWARTZ
4314 Sea Gate Avenue.
Debating society, captain and president, law club, vice-president, editor of humor and exchange for Highway.
Art or law.
Alas, poor Yorick, Sid knew her well.

MARIAN SEAMAN
3973 Bedford Avenue.
Basketball, tennis, punchball.
Business school.
Spring, winter, summer and fall,
Marian goes through them all.



RUTH SEGAL
1117 East 26th Street.
Scholarship pin, madrigal club, biology club, social workers.
Cornell.
She suggests 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea for deep reading.

BEATRICE CHARLOTTE SIETZICK
1543 East 2nd Street.
Floor managing assistant to Mr. Schwartz and Mrs. Browne, traffic squad, editorial staff of Le Petit Clarion.
Hunter College.
The Seitzick girl, a pianist is she,
If she doesn't watch out, a harpist she'll be.

BERTHA SENFT
1129 East 32nd Street.
Numerals in long ball.
New York University.
Billie's hobby is to drive a car;
Looks as if she wants to travel far.

ANGELA S. SEPE
1916 East 5th Street.
Silver scholarship pin, Spanish medal and 2 Spanish certificates, assistant fifth fioor manager for 4 terms.
New York University.
Her large gray eyes go at some rate;
We'll surely miss this graduate.

PARIS SEPE
1916 East 5th Street.
Spanish medal and certificate, scholarship pin, captain lunch room squad, traffic squad.
New York University.
Tanned and dandy,
Smart and handy.

DANIEL SEPLER
861 East 24th Street.
Cheer leading squad, service squad, tennis, class secretary.
C. C. N. Y.
You will soon be hearing of Danny the spry,
Leading the cheers at C. C. N. Y.

FRED SHACTER
1572 Macombs Road.
G. O. president, president of boosters, eight varsity letters, captain of lacrosse, assistant captain of swimming, city champs handball.
Cornell or Rutgers.
Madison's Frank Merriwell.

HARRY LEON SHAPACK
249 Ocean Parkway.
Cross country team, class president three times, captain of traffic squad.
Cornell.
Here's to dapper Harry;
We wonder how soon he'll marry.

MIRIAM SHAPIRO
1414 East 14th Street.
Biology office, basketball, hockey, tennis.
Hunter College.
You can't beat her.

SOL SHAPIRO
2912 West 36th Street.

ROBERT SHEARER
3107 Farragut Road.
College.
Of the right sort of mettle, this one Robert Shearer
To standards par excellence he could not be nearer.

ALBERT SHERMAN
2097 East 47th Street.
Orchestra, library squad, service squad.
N. Y. U.
"Lend me an A string."

MARTIN SHOOKHOFF
1338 East 36th Street.
Arista, silver scholarship pin, math team, captain, math club.
Polytechnic Institute.
German, chemistry, physics, math;
Is there a subject he couldn't pass?

ALICE SHULMAN
1928 East 13th Street.
Swimming club, hockey, secretary to official teacher.
New York University.
Short and sweet,
And hard to beat.

RUBIN SIDORSKY
2924 West 5th Street.
Business.

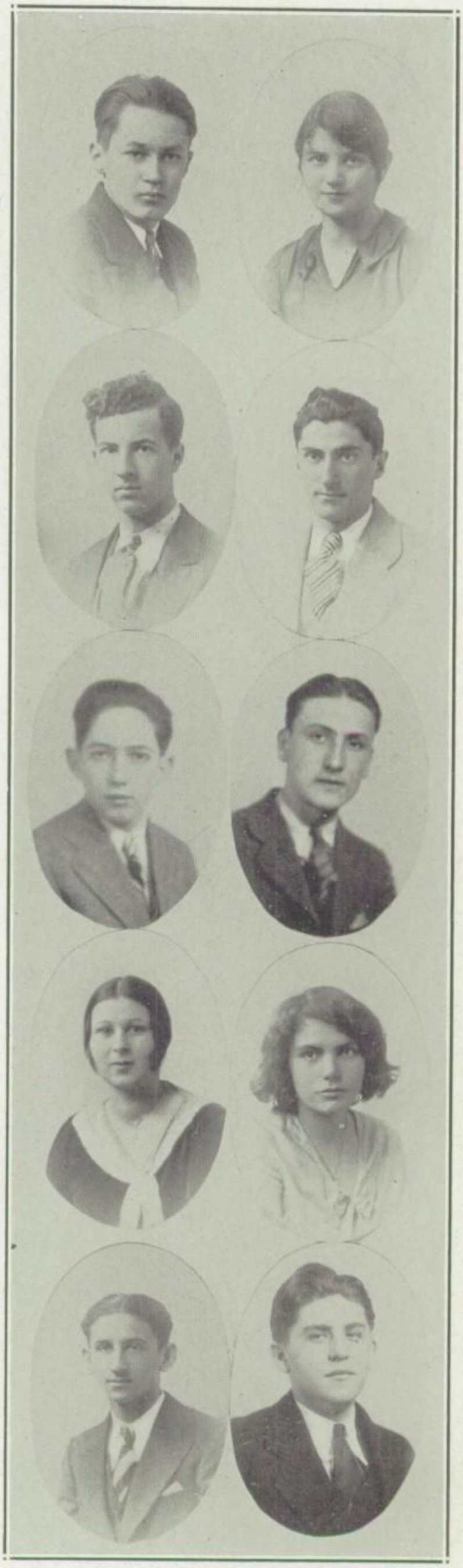
ZELDA SIEGEL
2860 West 29th Street.
Latin club, French club, athletic club.
New York University.
Oh, girls, isn't Mr. ——— adorable?

EDWARD SILBERKRAUS
1950 East 19th Street.
Track, cutting squad, G. O. member.
U. of Southern California.
He doesn't mind work if he likes it; but boys! try to find something he likes.

NATHANIEL R. SILVER
2839 West 25th Street.
Baseball, captain auditorium squad, twice vice-president of class.
Fordham or Long Island U.
Silver is worth his weight in gold. Always on the run, if we did not stop him, he'd be on top of the sun.

CHARLOTTE SILVERMAN
2847 West 33rd Street.
Scholarship pin, lunchroom squad, Highway staff at annex, madrigal club.
Hunter.
Although her memory is very poor,
She'll certainly change when more mature.

GERSON SILVERMAN
1421 East 12th Street.
Madrigal club, anti-litter squad, lunch room squad, French paper.
C. C. N. Y.
The boy who always gets to school, just on time.



LILLIAN SIMON
2361 Coney Island Avenue.
Swimming, handball, punchball.
Business.
Cliff Edward's good, too

KATHLEEN SIMPSON
2519 East 19th Street.
Vice-president of seventh term class, basketball, swimming.
C. C. N. Y.
Quiet, sweet, an unassuming colleen,
The girl with a smile, that's our Kathleen.

SAMUEL SIDNEY SINGER
2858 West 30th Street.
Traffic squad, lunch room squad, law club.
C. C. N. Y.
Straight thru Madison, boy, he's a ringer,
Here's the fellow for you, Samuel Singer.

CHESTER SIPKIN
34 Van Sicklen Street.
French club, leader in gym, traffic squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Though he might not know French,
He'll still be able to dig a good trench.

HERMAN LOUIS SKOLLER
1918 East 18th Street.
President of class 4 terms, vice-president of class 2 terms, secretary of class, lunch room squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Truthful and helpful with social veneer,
Thoughtful, considerate, always sincere.

GERTRUDE SLOBODKIN
2929 West 20th Street.
Swimming, Latin club, biology club.
Home girl.
Still water runs deep, yet forever faithful.

FLORENCE SMITH
2987 Bedford Avenue.
Arista, madrigal club, silver scholarship pin.
Business.
When harder examinations are made, they will be passed. Ask Florence, the girl who knows them.

HYMAN SMITH
2944 West 22nd Street.
Dramatic society, oratorical contest entry, declamation contest entry.
C. C. N. Y.
I know you are very good,
So refrain from wearing a hood.

LILLIAN ROSE SMITH
1323 Ocean Parkway.
Secretary to Miss McCoy, orchestra, stunt club, French club.
C. C. N. Y.
No one you'll ever deceive,
Oh! Lillian, you're so naive.

FLOSSIE SMULOWITZ
1033 Rutland Road.
Two chevrons for swimming, lunch room squad, anti-litter league.
Browne's Business College.
Flunk or pass, come what may,
Always happy, merry and gay.

ESTHER SOHMER
1760 East 10th Street.
Latin club, basketball, secretary to official teacher.
Hunter.
To knock this girl would hurt my conscience,
She's so sweet and devoid of nonsense.

DOROTHY SOLOMON
2141 Coney Island Avenue.
Swimming.
C. C. N. Y.
Vociferous brunette.
Dotty's just that!

EDWARD SOLOMON
261 Coleridge Street.
Arista leader, individual high school chess champion, varsity tennis team, winner of four math medals.
Harvard or Cornell.
Chess and math and tennis too,
Here's a regular champ for you.

MORRIS SOSLER
1078 East 12th Street.
Senior representative, lunch room squad, service squad.
New York University.
If John Gilbert ever needs a substitute, Morry is the boy.

LILLIE S. SOSNOVITCH
98 West End Avenue.
French club, dancing club, hockey.
Hunter.
Temperamental, irresistible and sweet,
Liking Lil is an easy feat.

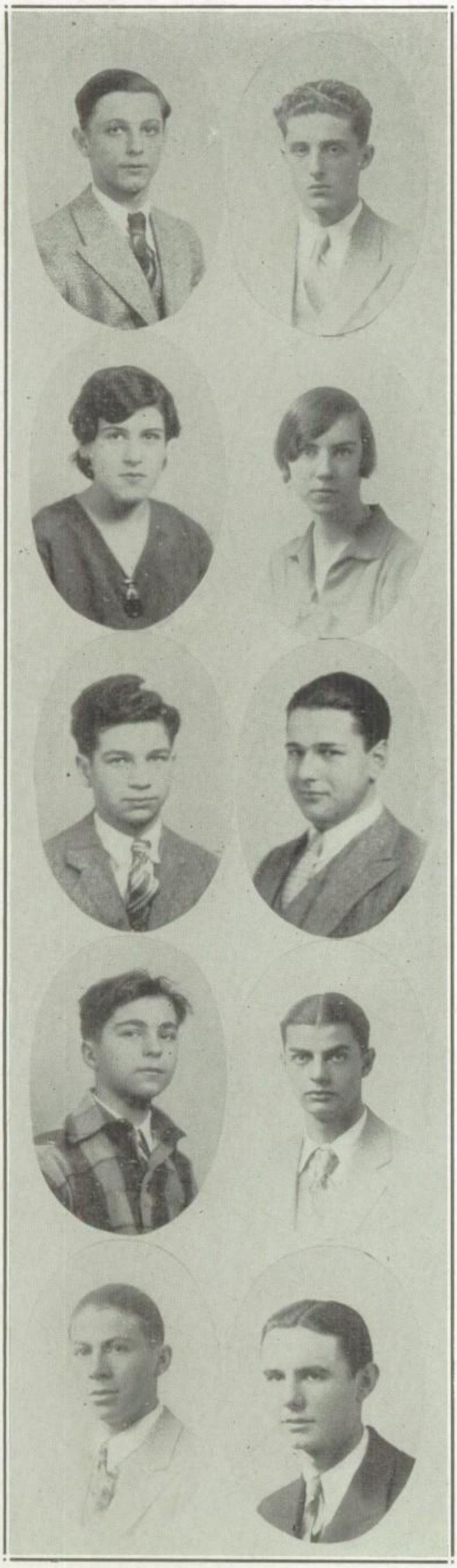
NATHAN SPARBER
5219 Avenue T.
Biology laboratory assistant for one term, gym leader four times, traffic squad.
N. Y. U. evening college.
Don't bother to ask Dad,
Nat knows.

MIRIAM SPECTOR
1101 East 7th Street.
Dancing, tennis, basketball.

HARRY SPIELMAN
1460 East 8th Street.
Debating.
Morty's quiet brother.

MORTON MARVIN SPIELMAN
1460 East 8th Street.
President of Brooklyn interscholastic debating league, varsity debating team, advertising manager Black and Gold Beetle.
Harvard.
The orator who would rather speak than eat.

ALICE C. STEIN
3837 Cypress Avenue.
Social workers, general office, basketball.
Michigan.



HERBERT STEIN
1551 Ocean Parkway.
Lunch room squad, secretary to Dr. Donovan, traffic squad, orchestra in annex.
C. C. N. Y.
He's so small and quiet that he's practically unknown.

MIRIAM STEINER
1814 East 22nd Street.
Emblem for life saving, horseback riding club, scholarship pin.
New York University.
A fish in the water, a shark in math,
An accomplished mermaid indeed.

ISRAEL STOLPER
231 Beaumont Street.
A shining example of a "Sophisticated Senior."

JACK STOLZENBERG
2832 West 35th Street.
C. C. N. Y.

ROBERT STRAHL
2142 East 5th Street.
Service league, traffic squad, handball team.
New York University.
"The patent leather kid."

MILTON STROBER
1926 East 19th Street.
College.
Our young sax wizard (at the expense of the neighbors).

DOROTHY STROMBERG
948 East 31st Street.
Spanish club, Jama Gire, in Miss Zehner's office.
Shy, quiet and demure,
But out of school, not so sure.

KENNETH J. STRULLY
617 Avenue K.
Traffic squad, lunch room squad.
Hamilton College.
Quiet and unassuming, but a very fine fellow.

CHARLES STUART
1258 East 12th Street.
Class president, interclass debating, cutting squad.
University of Pennsylvania.
Charlie, the boy with well-combed hair,
Gives many a young lady a chance to stare.

JOHN F. SULLIVAN
1632 West 3rd Street.
Baseball two years, service and traffic squads.
Fordham or Columbia University.
Johnny Sullivan, tall and long,
Looks like a fellow who'll never go wrong.

MAX SUSSMAN
2841 West 28th Street.
Literary society.

LAURA SUTTIE
1065 East 31st Street.
Business.
Always a-smiling, happy-go-lucky,
That's Laura Suttie, she certainly is plucky.

ALICE ELIZABETH SWANSON
1414 Avenue W.
Art weaving exposition, swimming.

ELIZABETH SWEETEN
2033 East 19th Street.
Class president, class secretary, madrigal club.
Hunter College.
Shy, sweet and demure,
That's what we think, but we aren't sure.

CHARLES N. TACKE
1198 Ocean Avenue.
Arista, traffic squad captain, printing squad
Business.
Bank—rudder—rudder—Bank!!!

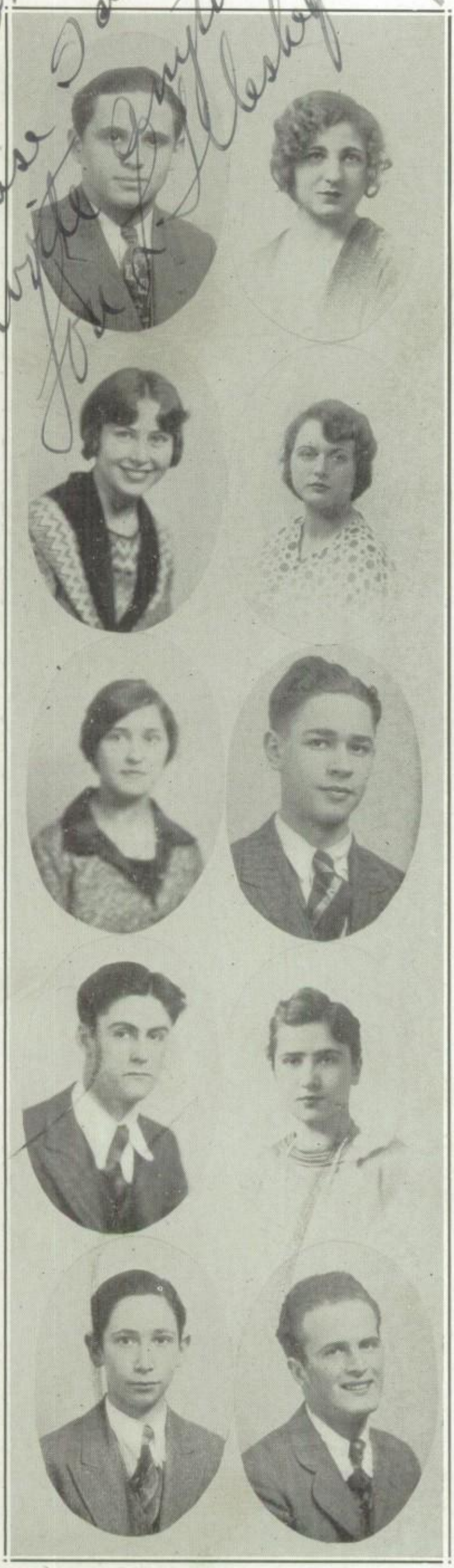
JACK TANNENBAUM
23 Pennant Court.
Graduating in 3½ years, captain of the traffic squad, captain of the service squad.
New York University.
Don't mind the dirty collar, I'm a genius.

JEAN TAPLINGER
1529 East 23rd Street.
Arista, printing squad, biology squad.
Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.
The fifth dimension is yet to come.

GLADYCE TAPMAN
1760 East 18th Street.
Arista, literary editor of Madison Highway, editorial staff Big Parade, booster club, Log staff.
Cornell.

EDGAR TAYLOR
45 Hawthorne Street.
President of senior class, art editor of Log and Big Parade, Arista.
Cornell.

NATHAN TEICH
2723 Avenue P.
Vice-president of class two terms, stamp club, anti-litter league.
Business.
He's a clever conscientious chap.



LOUIS LEON TELESHEFSKY
543 Kings Highway.
Captain debating team, president orchestra, president debating society.
Columbia University.
If music were hot air, he'd be a band.

GRACE ELIZABETH THOMPSON
412 Rugby Road.
Secretary of senior class, secretary of Arista, varsity play, secretary to Miss Zehner.
Pratt.
See that pleasant smiling face?
That, you must know, is "Our Grace."

EVELYN THURBER
1642 East 8th Street.
Vice-president of Arista, president of official class for 5 terms, writers' workshop.
Hunter College.
Brown hair, brown eyes,
We'll say she's very wise.

FRANK TIERNEY
1070 East 29th Street.
Service squad, Newman club, baseball.
Fordham University.
"Just an all-around fellow and sportsman."

EDWARD TITLEBAUM
1865 East 22nd Street.
Personality! Sincere! Faithful!

DOROTHY TOBIAS
2996 Avenue T.
Secretary in gym, swimming, basketball.
Kindergarten teacher.
Nice and chubby and very sweet,
Personally, Dot can't be beat.

RUTH TOBIAS
1694 East 2nd Street.
Orchestra, law society.
To be without mercy is tantamount to being without Ruth—ruthless y'know!

SIDNEY TOBIAS
1197 East 17th Street.
Arista, math office, biology office.
Michigan.

NETTIE TOORAN
1146 East 27th Street.
Math help squad, secretary to Miss Charlon and Mr. McCreery, senior class representative.
Barnard College.
Something is missing, the schools looks dejected.
What is the reason? Nettie has left it!

JOHN TRACY
1926 East 14th Street.
Dramatic society, lacrosse.
Columbia University.

AARON LAWRENCE TRAISTER
2937 West 36th Street.
Traffic squad, Spanish club, French club.
C. C. N. Y.
He is a verray parfit gentil knight.

FREDERICK C. G. TREIBER
138 East 32nd Street.
And he paddles his own canoe.

DOROTHY TYNAN
136 East 38th Street.
Secretary in history class, usher during open school week, swimming.
Teachers' training.
Litle dabs of powder, littlc spots of paint,
But Dotty deigns not, the little saint.

ADELAIDE UERCKVITZ
1078 East 37th Street.
Jama Gire.

HELEN A. UPRIGHT
1365 East 17th Street.
Lieutenant of lunch room squad, swimming, Dolly Madison club, madrigal club.
Montessori.
Tall and fair, with disposition rare,
Always smiling and free from care.

HYMAN VERBER
1839 East 5th Street.
Traffic squad, service squad, secretary of class.
Business.
Quiet and sociable indeed,
He is a friend for every need.

RUTH E. VOLKER
1038 East 28th Street.
Business.
Five foot two, eyes of blue,
Personality plus, she's one of the few.

HARVEY VOM LEHN
464 East 24th Street.
Orchestra 4 years, field band 4 years, swimming.
Dartmouth.
Don't get excited—he's only a trombone play er.

FRIEDA WALLMAN
1246 East 10th Street.
Secretary of G. O., booster club, life saving, swimming.
Business.
Those eyes, those lips, and that pretty little dimple,
Doesn't the reason for popularity seem quite simple?

ETHEL WALTHERS
2700 Ocean Avenue.
Class president 4 times, hockey varsity M, charter member madrigal club.
Nurses Training.
Our sweet little Ethel is gay and fine,
She is full of wit of the very best kind.

ADAH WALSH
1533 Ryder Street.
Basketball and hockey in Girls' Commercial High School.
Though blondes be preferred and brunettes admired,
Look at our Adah, and you'll be inspired!

ANNA WARSHAW
984 East 27th Street.
Hockey, graduating in 3½ years, swimfing. Hunter.
Anna's a jewel and a lot of nice things,
But I'm pretty sure she'll never have wings.

HARRY WASSERMAN
2065 East 18th Street.
Kings Oak.
New York University.
Very quiet is our Harry.

KENNETH WATSON
155 Woodruff Avenue.
Printing squad, traffic squad.
Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.

ALFRED WAXMAN
1380 East 13th Street.
80% honor student pin, Highway representative twice, G. O. office.
C. C. N. Y.

DAVID WAXMAN
3611 Mermaid Avenue.
Booster club, Spanish club, traffic squad.
St. John's.
Absent-minded but handsome; a girl's man?

CLAIRE WEINBERG
1639 East 14th Street.
New York University.
Claire, charming and gay.
From North Dakota, so they say.

CELIA WEINER
1055 East 12th Street.
General office work, secretary to official teacher.
Study art at Pratt's.
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice.

LUCILLE WEINSTEIN
3014 Coney Island Avenue.
Secretary of lunch room, interclass debating, swimming.
C. C. N. Y.
A hush—silence—the whistle blew,
Lucille had made her dramatic debut.

MINERVA WEINSTEIN
1856 East 3rd Street.
Swimming club, biology club, basketball.
Business.
Height and strength of a Viking bold,
Hiding a spirit shy and cold.

RUTH WEINSTOCK
2283 East 22nd Street.
Scholarship pin, hockey, math help squad.
New York University.
Sparkling black eyes, pearly white teeth,
Personality plus, that can't be beat.

ROSE WEISMAN
2875 West 33rd Street.
Lunch room squad, madrigal club, swimming, basketball.
C. C. N. Y.
What—no homework?

SYLVIA WEISMAN
1777 East 10th Street.
French help squad, secretary to Miss Sebrée, batik club, French club.
Pratt Institute.
Quiet, dignified, friendly, sincere and wise;
That's Sylvia Weis(wise)man.

CALVIN S. WEISS
1604 Avenue R.
Charter member, president, and vice-president of madrigal club, secretary to teachers, class president, baseball and basketball.
Electrical engineer.
All great singers are given the due honor of their accomplishments.

HARRY WEISS
277 Neptune Avenue.
Captain checker team, math club, lacrosse.
C. C. N. Y.
When years and months have glided by,
You'll hear from the checker captain of C. C. N. Y.

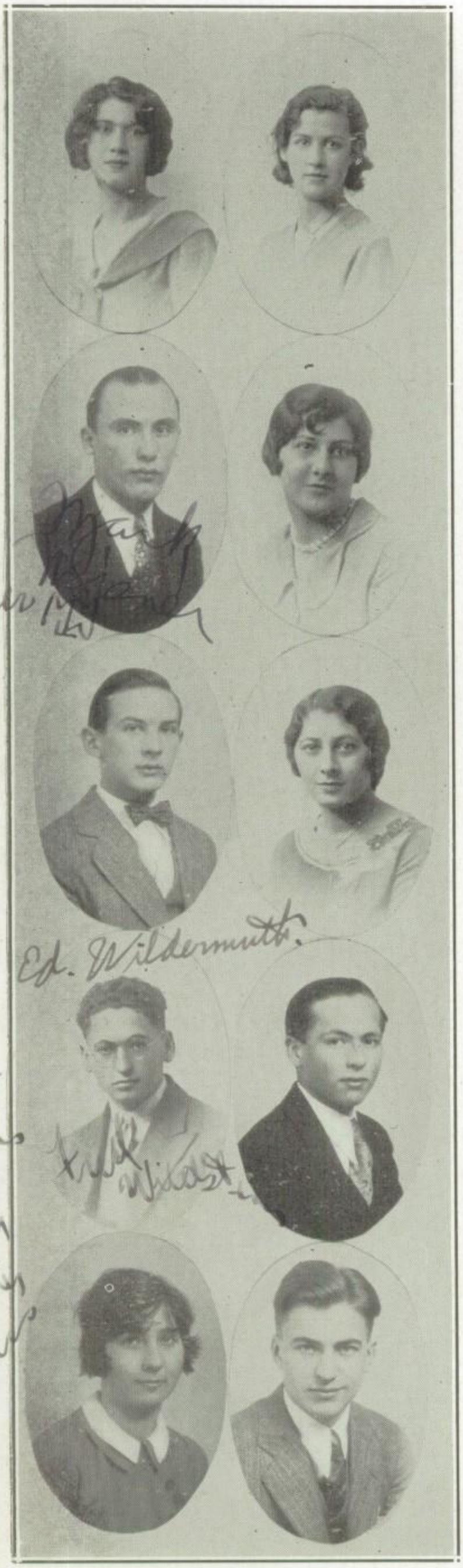
HERMAN WEISSMAN
Delmar apts., Mayo St.
Rifle club, lunch room squad, traffic squad.
New York University.

MILTON J. WEITZ
2871 West 17th Street.
C. C. N. Y.
He loved his school, but he loves its memory more.

MORTON WERNICK
1725 Sheepshead Bay Road.
Track, swimming, library squad, 2nd term class president.
Syracuse University.
Wernick is fast in athletics we know,
But in his algebra he is rather slow.

EDWARD WITTPENN
2818 Avenue R.
Football, booster club, track.
College.
O, Wittpenn is so fine and strong,
See the girls turn when he walks along.

ARMAND WHITEMAN
1619 East 15th Street.
Orchestra, field band.
St. John's.
A lawyer he wants to be,
Wait a while, we shall see!



FANNY WIENER
1303 Avenue N.
Swimming, basketball, tennis.
College.
Spontaneous her acts. There's nothing she lacks.

MARK LEON WIENER
2320 East 23rd Street.
M for orchestra, silver service pin, secretary to Mr. Elmer, madrigal club.
Institute of Musical Arts of Juillard School of Music.

EDMUND WILDERMUTH
1522 Delamere Place.
Track, cross-country, orchestra.
Business.

FRED WILDSTEIN
2841 West 29th Street.
Biology club, French club, math help.
Damrosch Conservatory of Music.
A clean sportsman.

GRACE WILKISSON
2311 Avenue M.
Bronze scholarship pin, graduating in 3½ years, P .S. A. L. hockey pin.
New York University.
She who takes teasing with a smiling face,
Is one we know by the name of Grace.

EUNICE WILLAREDT
1539 East 17th Street.
Dramatic society, swimming, basketball.
Swarthmore College.
Leading lady of YYY,
Hopes to be a writer by and by.

RUTH WILLION
1436 West 8th Street.
Orchestra, course in 3½ years.
Columbia.
Serene and dark, beautiful and bold,
On her violin she could a tale unfold.

TILLIE WOHL
511 Dahill Road.
Basketball, swimming.
Business college.
Sweet and pert is Tillie Wohl,
She will surely reach her goal.

STANLEY WOLDER
2961 Ocean Parkway.
Math club.
C. C. N. Y.
Why don't you learn some physics?

LE ROY WOLF
933 New York Avenue.
Vice-president fifth grade council, president of class three times, vice-president twice.
West Point.
He's the fellow we all admire,
Because he's quiet and full of satire.

MARJORIE WOLGEL
2518 Avenue I.
Editor-in-chief of Madison Highway, Arista, associate editor of Log, vice-president 1st, 2nd, 3rd grades.
Barnard.
Her smile, they say, goes very far,
That's why she's so popular.

FANNIE YACHT
3602 Neptune Avenue.
Advanced hockey, basketball, swimming, charter member of annex dramatic club, secretary to Mrs. Garfield 3 terms.
C. C. N. Y.
No one ever you'll deceive;
Oh, Fannie, child, you're so naive.

RUTH ZAND
2837 Hubbard Street.
Swimming, basketball, vice-president in the 5th class, secretary to Mr. Miller.
Business.
Sweet little Ruthie is a queer sort,
Giggling is her favorite school sport.

IDA ZANER
3073 Coney Island Avenue.
Life saving, basketball, ice skating, tennis.
New York University.
Ida is pretty, Ida has wit,
But most of all, Ida has "it."

ABRAHAM ZEITZ
2725 Ocean Parkway.
Leader of the Arista, circulation manager of Big Parade, chairman of class night committee, printing squad.
C. C. N. Y.
Step right up and call me Abraham.

BARNEY ZIEFF
3744 Cypress Avenue.
Winner of 7th term interclass debating tournament, law club, debating society.
St. John's College.
Good things come in small packages,
But—there are exceptions.

NORMAN ZINN
2309 Avenue S.
Service squad.
N. Y. U.
Personality plus.

SELMA ZINN
1638 East 3rd Street.
Secretary to Mr. McNamara, Mr. O'Loughlin, and Miss McMahon.
University of West Virginia.
Selma Zinn is good at books,
But she's hard to beat when it comes to looks.

HERMAN ZIPSER
3817 Maple Avenue.
Debating society, law club.
College.
It's all in the name.

MAX BAKER
2118 East 2nd Street.
Football, baseball.
Holy Cross.
My folks will be so glad.

ROBERT GOLDMAN
387 Kingston Avenue.
History office help, history mimeograph, track.
New York University.
At last! He knows, and knows he knows.

JOSEPH GOODMAN
2028 Homecrest Avenue.
Football 2 years, freshman swimming and baseball, track
Cornell.
"Wherever he goes, there is something worth while there."

ANN E. KLEIN
1816 East 14th Street.
President of Dolly Madison home economics club, P. S. A. L. swimming pin, vice-president of batik club, lieutenant of traffic squad.
Savage.
For every little lonesome feeling,
Ann has some wondrous healing.

MILTON KLINGER
1611 Quentin Road.
Vice-president of the General Organization, varsity football three years, all-scholastic football 1928.
Temple University.
His main ambition—to drink soup out of the Yale Bowl.

WOODRUFF MARRIOTT
1470 East 18th Street.
Varsity swimming, baseball, traffic squad.
Syracuse School of Forestry.
Woodruff would rough it in forestry.

ALMA A. MEYER
1953 East 22nd Street.
Business.
How will the commercial department get along without Alma?

RALPH MORGULIS
4000 Highland Avenue.
Law club, service squad, anti-litter club.
Columbia Pharmacy.
A winning personality.

DAVID MORRIS
26 Irvington Place.
Baseball, service squad.
Lafayette College.
Strong silent man from the West.

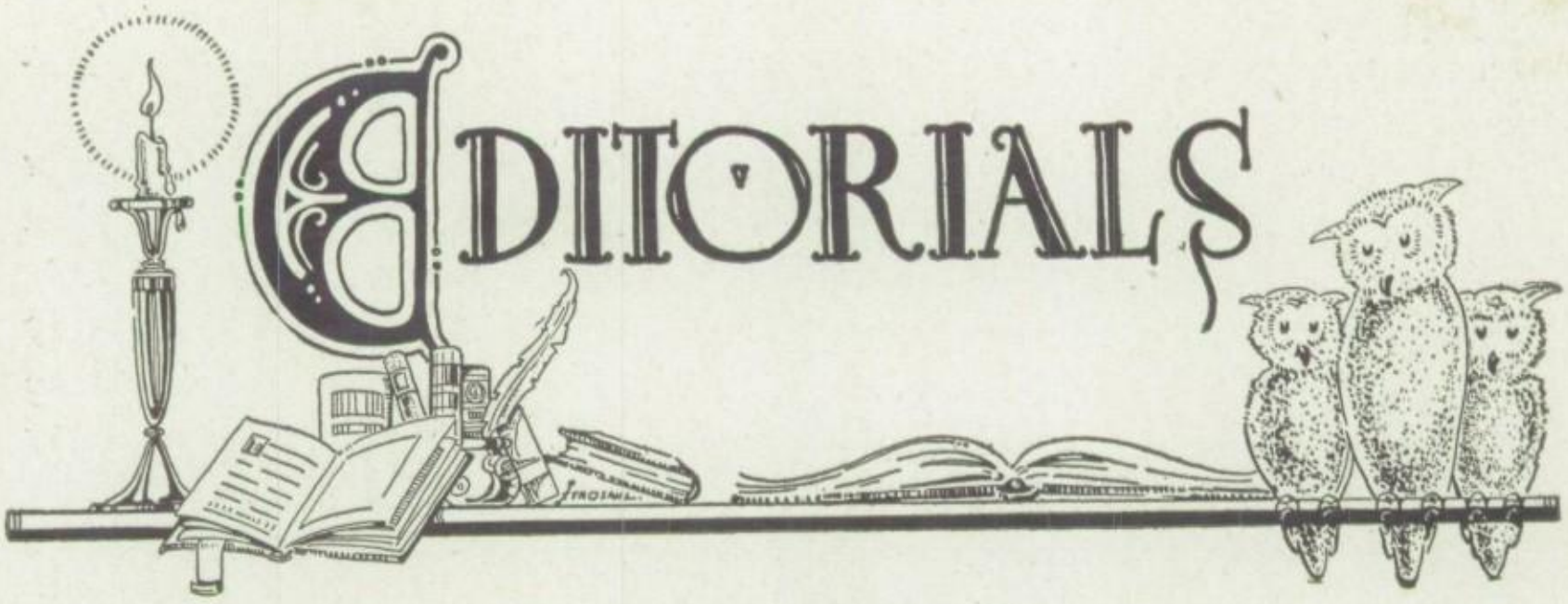
ABRAHAM PADOLSKY
3021 East 7th Street.
Service squad, traffic squad, class secretary, Spanish certificate.
C. C. N. Y.
Latin wizard extraordinary.

MICHAEL E. NEVILLE
2115 East 14th Street.
Madison's first touchdown, tennis team, class officer.
Southern Methodists.
He is one of the select few who did not run for class president.

MAX PHILLIPS
2933 West 25th Street.
Track team, lieutenant traffic squad.
New York University.
The only place he uses his bean is on the green.

HARRY SCHWARTZ
2933 West 22nd Street.
President of sixth term class, basketball, gym leader.
St. John's.
He would if he could;
But he can't so he doesn't.

ARTHUR SINGER
1317 East 14th Street.
Mimeograph club, traffic squad, and cross-country.
College.
Frank and helpful, he is at his best
When he is asleep and completely at rest.



ALUMNI, ATTENTION!

No doubt the feeling possessed by every graduate on commencement eve is one of joy. There is good reason to be festive on this occasion, for the award of the diploma marks the successful completion of four years of studious effort. However, on a little reflection, this joyous feeling leaves one, for one soon realizes that with graduation a very definite period of one's life, one of the happiest, and one which can never more return, has been brought to a close.

High school days can never more return, but your pleasant high school associations may be renewed and your memory of high school life may be kept more vivid by contact with the school through the alumni association. This organization seeks to keep the alumnus' high school interest alive. Each year it holds a reunion in Madison, a dance with the senior class, and varsity-alumni athletic contests. Through the Alumni Association one's recollections of that pleasant adolescent period will be made more vivid and to a great extent one's high school days will be kept alive.

—Richard Gubner.

FOUR YEARS OF PREPARATION

With the graduation of the class of June '29 Madison celebrates her fourth anniversary and we are indeed proud to be able to say that ours is Madison's first four year graduating class.

We hope that these four years have not merely been for us a succession of courses in one subject or another, or a succession of extra-curricular or social events, or a series of athletic conquests. We do not glean a true education from the successful completion of any one of these branches of school life or even from all of them taken as one. The true advantage lies in the influence all these divisions of our high school career have had in the molding of our characters and in adequately preparing us to meet successfully the difficulties to be encountered in later life.

To be able to offer up to the world a life replete with strength and success we need not only know how to work but how to conduct ourselves in any situation or in any gathering of our fellow men. Our physical training has given us the power to live happy in our good health, confident in our ability to protect ourselves and others. Our extra-curricular and social ac-

tivities have enabled us either to lead our fellow men or to follow with just the right spirit.

There is another phase of our education that has done a great deal for us, the existence of which many are unaware. I speak of the contact that we have made with our teachers. I heard a college professor say not long ago that he considered the student's relations with his teachers to be a very essential part of a successful education. Perhaps this is more generally true of contacts made with college professors, but I know that I am particularly thankful for the benefits derived from my association with my teachers.

Let us leave Madison then, grateful for the training which we have received during her first four years of existence and confident that we will prove the value of our training in years to come. Let us think of Madison with reverence, thankful for the transfusion of her first blood of life and knowledge.

Edgar C. Taylor,
Senior President.

"GOING BACK TO MADISON!"

Again the triumphant chant rings clear, dauntless, unafraid. It pervades the building, fills the corridors with its youthful vibration. It permeates to the rooms where hapless lower-termers pause at their work to envy, and wonder when...

Time was when we too, paused and envied, and wondered. We too have queried the gods as to our future. But we have chased it, held it in the infinitesmal present, watched it recede in the fleeting past. To us now, is the gift of retrospection. Our road has ended; we can only look back.

A contemplation of the past reveals many things. We see a high school in its first term of existence—and a horde of boys and girls, the Class of June 1929. We see the evolution of tradition and the establishment of a homogeneous entity known as the student body. We see the development of characters and ideals, and the exploitation of talent hitherto unknown.

We came to Madison indistinguishable in the similarity of the entering class. We leave the school, "sophisticated" and "celebrities" and "big shots." We entered Madison as its first freshmen. We leave it as its first true senior class.

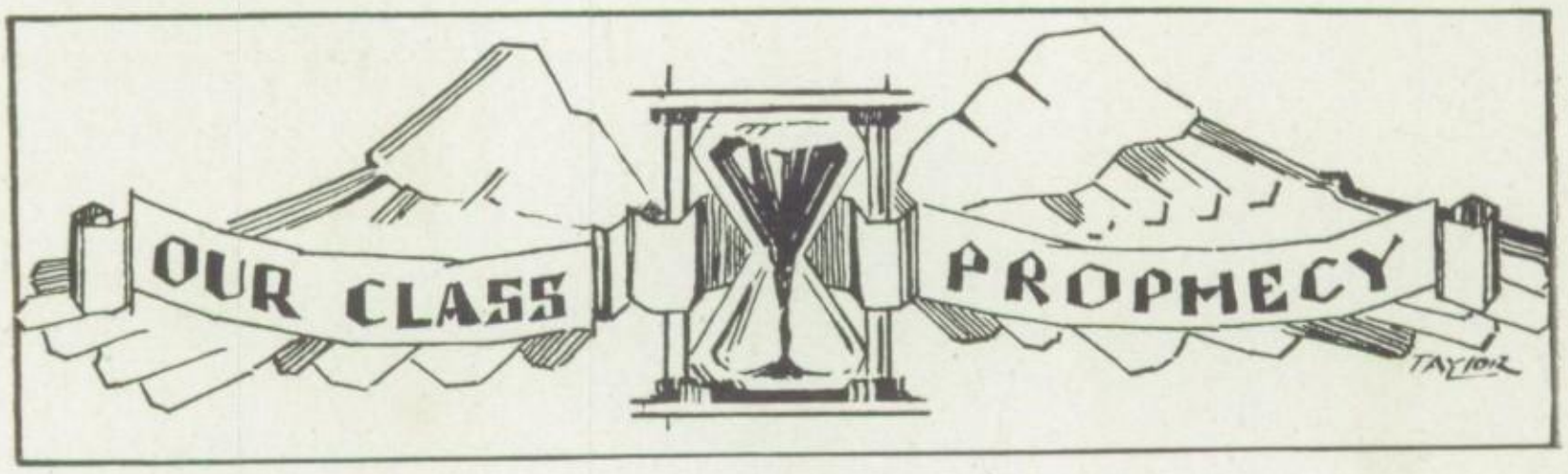
We leave Madison.

And enter a new world, a realm of similar aspect, if dissimilar activity. The secluded abbeys of college, the active marts of business, are alike in many respects. There will always be the submergence of the few to the will of the many, yet the individual will not be forgotten. We have learned these things in our attendance at Madison and ought to be able to carry them out into the world. We are equipped to brave the future with the knowledge of the past. The road ahead is open, a straight path into the unknown. Our journey's end? Who knows? Who cares?

But some day the tales will be told, the battles refought, and the results made known. Which is why we sing:

"Going back to Madison!"

—Seymour Roman.



CLASS PROPHECY

By Sid Friedman

The epoch-making trip of the 1949 Lewis and Clark Expedition that started from J. M. H. S. has terminated as successfully as its historical predecessor. The expedition's sole purpose was to find former students of the original Madison Senior Class of June '29 and extend to them an invitation to attend the Silver Jubilee Celebration of James Madison's founding. The sterling leadership of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Clark enabled the expedition to locate and learn of the various positions and deeds of the seniors of June '29 about whom the following record has been written down for posterity.

The first to come to the expedition's notice were the former executives of the Class of June 1929.

Ed Taylor has become the world's foremost painter and is also hailed as the leader of a new Renaissance.

Ex-vice-president Dick Gubner was found in the editor-in-chief's office of the New York Times giving orders that all articles and stories must be in on time.

Grace Thompson, our quiet little secretary, is now the big noise on the operatic stage with which she graces her presence at the new home of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The expedition heard, saw, and invited Sid Schwartz, who is chief announcer of the N. B. C. system and also vice-president of the Protective Order of Radio Announcers.

Gladyce Tapman heeded the maxim of "go west, where men are men and women are governors," and as a result is addressed as her excellency the Governor of California.

The expedition was not a bit abashed when they found Ed Solomon in the presence of kings and queens with their court, for it was only a chess game.

Smiling Fritzi Wallman is now a telephone operator owing to a scarcity of the voice with the smile.

Irv. Resnick is back at Madison again. No! He's not on the football team because he's coaching it.

Even the men now buy the Ladies' Home Journal since Marjorie Wolgel has become editor.

Being awarded the Nobel Prize, Ralph Marcus is now considered America's outstanding scientific authority.

Versatile Hazel Friedman is being acclaimed as the saviour of the legitimate stage by even the critical dramatic critics.

Those of you who wear Zeitz, Hart, Shaffner and Marx clothes no doubt know that our own Abe Zeitz is the company's exalted president.

Leah Goldman has been imprisoned for tampering with the "males."

Lionel Mann is a professional runner and has just won M. M. (Make Money) Spielman's Bunion Derby (successor to C. C. Pyle).

Heading the Salvation Corps of New York at present Dot Feldman aids all with the aid of her compatriot Jeannette Jacobs.

Cy Alexander organized America's singles and doubles champ Cy Alexander into an American Olympic Handball Team and finally beat himself for the championship of the world.

New Yorkers actually go at regulation speed limit, for Magistrate Evelyn Thurber resides at the traffic court.

Leonard Schiff has joined the Marines!

"The Steinway is my choice," declared Bee Orenstein, who has gained immortal fame in the piano game.

Through a beauty contest John Tracy now is Hollywood's sensation. As a sideline he endorses Palmolive Soap.

Pessa Schiff occupies a ghostly Greenwich Village flat where she writes ghost articles for famous people.

Seymour Roman has awakened the world by his latest play, Strange Intermission.

Sylvia Carr and Vivian Frank were on America's girl Olympic basketball team.

Mayor Lee Graff, recently elected executive of New York City, made a statement on his victory. "The people realized that odd pennies would be more easily obtained by voting for my 9c platform."

Beatrice Buchman, Mildred Bloom, and Leah Goldberg have become philanthropists and are sharing their joys and sorrows (as they did their homework) in their mansion on upper Fifth Avenue.

"The Original Madison Melodians" play under the baton of Lew Teleshefsky at the Hotel Astor.

Back in her own home town of Boston Jeanne Rubin was found teaching the younger element how to behave.

Sol Ginsburg knew so much about the job of secretary that he now has a secretarial training school.

Little Barney Zieff was bound to rise and as a result he is now at the tip-top of the Ward Baking Company.

Mary Cohen, or as otherwise known to her public Marianne Cohan, is at present the only one to be compared with the incomparable Pavlowa since Isidora Duncan departed.

College football is giving Milt Klinger as great a kick as high school football did, altho he's only a coach at West Point.

Alice Nadler can justly be called "Alice in Wanderland" for she was located wandering thru Europe.

The expedition discovered Dave Katzman, Mich Duberstein, and Jess Haimowitz discovering new land at the South Pole.

Sylvia Bricker is resting on her laurels at Biarritz for she was chosen "Miss America" after a heart rending struggle.

Myron Gordon decided to become a movie director, which certainly was a move in the right direction as he is now president of that company.

Having the honor of being United States ambassador to France, Pauline Cohn stated that she was certainly being honored when she was invited.

George Fenster of Current Events fame is now a banker and takes interest only in Currency Events.

The expedition at this point through sheer exhaustion had to discontinue its delightful task of discovering the whereabouts of the Seniors of June '29. However, to the many seniors who could not be located an invitation was most heartily extended that they also attend James Madison's Silver Jubilee. The Lewis and Clark Expedition said, "We hope that the original Madisonians will be at the reunion and celebration to the last man."

—S. Sid Friedman.

THE TWO WERE ONE

Quiet the night; the stars looked down serene
Upon the shadowy woodland.
My lover was king and I the queen
Of this domain, where, hand in hand,
Along the road of sweet romance we made our way.
Our days of youth, of love, of thrills, had now begun.
The stars looked down and each one sent a tiny ray
To light the woods where it believed were two,
But really was but one.

Another quiet night; the stars looked down serene
Upon the shadowy woodland.
My lover was king and I the queen
Of this domain, where, hand in hand
Along the road of dreams we made our way.
Our days of youth, of love, of thrills, began anew.
The stars looked down and each one sent a tiny ray
To light the woods where it believed was one,
But really there were two.

—Teresita E. Ryan,

Everything must have a beginning. It is with this rather trite, yet true, remark that we essay the task of chronicling the history of Madison, which is to a very large extent the history of the class of June '29, our class.

In September of 1925, students four thousand five hundred strong were admitted to our halls of learning. These few words describe the inauspicious beginning of Madison. At first only half the number were expected, but the faculty met the increasing difficulties admirably as the days went by and more students came, demanding admission.

Soon after, our first social function, the housewarming, was celebrated in our auditorium. The students commenced literally to "warm up." They could sing with vim and vigor the "King's Highway"; indeed, it was with genuine enthusiasm that they roared:

Zip! Bing! There's the starter's gun,

Raise a cheer for my school, it's the finest high school!

Boom! bang, now the're on the run

Beat 'em on the King's Highway!

Immdeiately, the student body began to display an interest in extra-curricular activity. Various clubs, athletic teams and other organizations took form. The Madison Highway sprang into existence and played its part in uniting the school. The General Organization came into being and the students elected their three officers in the first campaign. Madison became a comparatively strong figure in the interscholastic athletic world. At the end of the first term, with the sympathetic guidance of the faculty, no less than forty such activities were playing their parts in the daily life of the school.

An annex (216) was established the first term and Mr. Fontaine put in charge. At the beginning of the second term of existence it was deemed necessary to start another annex (206) to accommodate the hordes of incoming freshmen who clamored for the honor of being a part of us, and this time it was left to Dr. Korey to guide their destinies.

In June, the end of the school year, the first Log was published, which described how our ship of state had weathered every storm on her maiden voyage, with Mr. Clark, ever patient, at the helm.

The next term, when school reopened in September, an experiment was started, which made the name of James Madison famous in the scholastic world from coast to coast. The tri-school system, which classified students as Kings Oaks, Midwood or Vandeveer, was widely discussed. For the first time the bright pupils were given the opportunity of study, which fitted their mentality.

There we have the beginning. Once having taken root, the spirit of the school kept on growing. Progress we did. Now, after four years of existence the first thoroughbred Madisonian class, of over five hundred students, is graduating. It is interesting to compare the numbers with our first class of, I think it was seven, students.

The seniors of the class of June '29, both as a whole and as individuals, have brought honor to their alma mater. They have sought to establish traditions that may always be a source of inspiration to those who will learn to love the halls they cherished.

May the guidance of their teachers be as a beacon light to those who leaving school, enter life. —Marjorie Wolgel.

NIGHT

Night has come, and growing shadows
Drive the sun-light from the flowers.
Daylight...dusk...and then the darkness
Of these strange and mystic hours.

Flowers close their dew-pearled eye-lids,
Sleepy birds to nests are winging.
Through the silence of the evening
Breaks the nightingales' sweet singing.

Moonlight shines through sylvan bowers,
On the lake and on the river.
Gentle breezes kiss the tree-tops,
Making green leaves softly quiver.

Angels from the heavens watching,
Patiently their vigil keeping,
Whisper softly to each other,
"Nature and the world are sleeping."

—Evelyn E. Thurber,

Review of the Year's News

By Richard Gubner

Long after the year 1929 has passed, long after the class herein recorded has left the portals of Madison, to refreshen ever-fading memories, the alumnus will again turn the leaves of this book and again recall to mind a picture of days gone by. And will that picture not be made clearer, will it not stand out more distinctly in one's mind, if together with a reminiscence of high school, is brought out a recollection of the world outside in those times, a review of those events which occurred in those days when the alumnus was a student at Madison?

Very many events of importance took place during the seasons 1928-29. Far overshadowing everything else the presidential election stood out, significant as always in that it is a greater expression of public sentiment than any balloting throughout the world, especially significant because for the first time the solid south, for long generations the undisputed stronghold of the Democratic Party, was broken, because for the first time a man born west of the Mississippi was elected president, because for the first time religion was injected into politics on a national basis and finally because the people of the United States have for the fourth consecutive time placed their confidence in the Republican party. Elected on issues of prosperity, water power, farm relief, the tariff and prohibition, Herbert Hoover, to insure quick action on his pre-election promises, called an extra session of Congress, but his basic proposals were defeated. Among other things which came up before the 71st Congress were the ratification of the Kellogg Peace Pact, the Jones Law for the enforcement of Prohibition, the Fifteen Cruiser Bill and Farm Relief. All except the Farm Relief plan calling for a national farm board were passed.

At the same time that national elections were held, New York State cast its ballot for governor. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic candidate emerged victor over Albert Ottinger. Elections were also held during the past year in most other countries, especially in the south and central Americas. The British general election, too, occurred in May, giving the Labor Party a plurality in the House of Commons.

On the whole, the past year was one of conciliation and of cementing the bonds of international friendship. Besides the Kellogg Peace Pact which was almost universally ratified, many other things were done to promote world harmony. Probably the foremost of all was the reconciliation of Italy and the Vatican, terminating the ancient quarrel over the temporal power of the Pope. Other events which helped promote world amity were the reconciliations of Chile and Peru, Costa Rica and Panama, and Bolivia and Paraguay. This movement of pacificism was further evidenced by the stabilization of China, which, although even not yet completely unified, is in a much more stable condition than a few years ago. For a month or so

in early spring the world was disturbed by the uprising in Mexico but General Calles soon put an end to the revolt.

Turning from politics to the field of business we find that prosperity in American business was made a major issue in our presidential campaign. Surpassing all other financial events of the year was the unprecedented activity on the Stock Exchange in winter and early spring, trading never before equaled. The Federal Reserve Board through raising the rediscount rates, attempted to stop speculation, but of no avail; the heavy trading continued. Another item worthy of special financial note is the many mergers that took place in the past year, especially among banks. Several "billion dollar" concerns have resulted from these combinations.

Science, too, played a prominent part in the year's events. No doubt the most outstanding of all was the publication of the new Einstein theory which caused quite a flurry in scientific circles. Other matters of scientific interest were the development of the "talkies," the introduction of robots, the advancement in television, and the gigantic construction work on the Hudson River bridge. Two massive engineering projects under consideration are the construction of tunnels beneath the English Channel and the Straits of Gibraltar.

This year, which marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of aviation, saw much progress still being made in aeronautics. The auto-gyro plane which rises from the ground vertically was perfected by Juan de la Cierva, gliding was introduced in America and progress was made in the lighter-than-air aircraft. The most noteworthy accomplishment in this line were the successful passages of the Graf Zeppelin over the Atlantic last October. Several records were broken, among them the women's endurance record by the seventeen year old Elinor Smith, the endurance record of more than one hundred and seventy-two hours by Robbins and Kelly, and the altitude record by Lieutenant Soucek of the United States Navy.

Records were shattered, not so much in aviation but in sports; for in nearly every athletic line, previous marks were surpassed. Last summer the Olympics were held in Amsterdam, Holland, and although the United States won in point score, the results were rather disappointing, for Ray Barbuti was the only American entry to carry off individual honors.

The years 1928 and 1929 saw the passing of very many great men. The world will probably never again see the like of such a group of military leaders as the Marshals Foch, Haig, and Diaz, General Cadorno, Grand Duke Nicholas, and Admiral Von Scheer, all of whom died within a few months of one another. Other notable men who passed on were Roald Amundsen who perished attempting to rescue Nobile in the Arctic; General Obregon, Mexico's president-elect and several financiers, Alfred Loewenstein, Payne Whitney and Thomas Fortune Ryan.

Great men died in large numbers but with nearly every event that took place during the past year some man was elected to the Hall of Fame, replacing those who passed on beyond.

Escape from Turmoil

By Horace Gordon

The old Chinese gentlewoman had had a peaceful day. Her servants and peasants were still faithful to the family and caused her no trouble; which was remarkable, as the country was in a violent, tumultuous state. Yes, nothing had really disturbed her; she had spent most of the day in the gardens, living with her past youth, and considering what to write in her next letter to her grandson, the young kwan, Fu. Yet that night, when she lay sleeping in the soft darkness of her room, terrible visions formed themselves before her senses, and she received a message.

She dreamed; and saw a barren field which was heaving and rolling throughout its immensity. A yellowish cloud rose and whirled about; and beneath it, a wide crack appeared in the earth. Out of this opening issued a tall, oh a very tall, thin man, dressed in the elaborate finery of the legendary ages. Once he must have been a great kwan or an imperial councillor. Behind him came a throng of richly-gowned nobles, who, it seemed, bore startling resemblances to one another. When the last stood upon the uneasy ground, the old woman recognized in a stately, pompous figure her son, who had been dead four years. Then she realized that she was gazing upon the spirits of her many ancestors.

Losing whatever qualms she had in an overwhelming amazement, she saw the illustrious Ones rend their jeweled garments, and heard a sobbing cry sweep through the liberated ranks. They were mourning. And as they mourned, masses of dark clouds settled above them and vomited flame and floods of waters. A long arm suddenly rose through the fire; a thousand lights flashed from its encircling jewels. The old gentlewoman heard a low whisper. It grew into a voice. It said: "Go thou, O woman, and mourn for the son of thy son! For he is no more."...This voice, too, died away. Then a clap of thunder shook the fire. The arm disappeared. And in its place, with flames seething about its loins and enveloping its head, was the naked body of her grandson. It slowly rose and climbed toward the heavens...

Abruptly, everything faded away and was gone.

She awoke and found that she was bathed in cold perspiration. She lay awake for the rest of the night, a gnawing fear in her heart. When day came, she arose and made her way to Fu's room, which was kept ready for a sudden home-coming. There she discovered his beautiful dress sword on the floor, broken at the hilt.

She was an intelligent dowager and knew when to make two and two equal four. Something had happened to Wong. "He is no more"—should she—must she take that literally? She would, she would not; she tried to assemble courage to meet the truth squarely and without a quiver. Wong was in a university in southern United States. He had gone there to be

away from the turmoil in China, for he was a scholar—mild and of a pacific nature—and hated anything that smacked of violence. What foolishness! He was young and too free. Oh, if he had not gone!

She sent a trusted coolie to the seaport, the terminus of a Pacific cable. She instructed him to await an answer. He was away ten days, and those days were centuries of torture for the grandmother. Her servants became alarmed, but could not aid her. They dared not even approach her unnecessarily. Then the messenger returned. He came upon her in the garden; she was resting there, and had the broken sword in her lap. He gave her the envelope. She hesitated, then opened it and read the few lines. Her eyes were on the slip for a long time. The messenger watched her carefully; he knew. Her head drooped, she swayed forward and toppled from the seat. He reached her side too late.

His repeated shouts brought a throng of servants to the scene, and two husky men were assigned as bearers. She was carried inside and laid on her couch, while several eager runners left for physicians. Three arrived within an hour, and had to remain overnight. But they worked in vain...

The next day, the old Chinese gentlewoman was dead.

* * * * *

Fu Wong was very sincere when he said that to Miss Josepha Wellington. He disliked the New China, the forces playing with it; he had, at home, accepted his grandmother's advice and submitted to the demands of the Republicans, whom his father, along with the eminent Tang Shaoyi, had helped in 1911; but he had always been cool in his contact with them—he had neither discouraged nor encouraged further relations. He revered his family, past and present. But he also admired this great nation, the United States, and admired it even more because it contained young women like Miss Wellington, whom he called Josepha.

She was now staring at him, and he was so exhilarated that he did not see her draw back a little.

"Won't you, Josepha? I have loved you ever since our first meeting."

She did not speak, and he asked anxiously, "You love me, don't you? I would give up everythign I have—my rank, my estates in China—for you."

"How absurd! Control yourself, Mr. Wong!" she said curtly. It was like a slap in the face. He winced.

He recalled the first time she had addressed him as Mr. Wong. It was at a dance. A classmate of his introduced him to her. He managed to keep near her most of the evening, and aroused her interest when he told her that he was a mandarin, or kwan, of the old Empire. He was to her Mr. Wong until he remarked cautiously, "Do you know, Miss Wellington, I am wondering whether I deserve this honor—or whether you realize you're honoring me?"

"I don't understand," she said, surprised.

"My surname is Fu," he told her, "and not Wong. Or do you know?"

Here's luck for you
D. Kenby Love
Miami

"Oh...You must excuse my ignorance. I didn't know. You may call me Josepha, if you like, to even matters," she added gaily.

And he had then whispered softly, "Josepha," so that...

He thrust these thoughts aside and faced her squarely now. "I am mistaken then. I thought you...I should have known better though."

She was silent for a moment; then said evenly, "It is my fault. I can see now that you could have found some encouragement in my friendship. I can understand."

"Then you don't love me?" he asked slowly.

"I like you. I couldn't love you. If you were of my race, perhaps. But we are as separate as the poles. I'm sorry."

He turned about and walked rapidly away to the road. He had reached his car before he remembered. He came back to the girl.

"My pardon," he muttered awkwardly. "I will take you home."

She assented in silence.

He sent the car along at a high speed. Try as she would, the girl could not fathom the thoughts that lay behind that calm, Oriental mask. They were wild thoughts, too, and he was glad of his boyhood training. He was thinking of a spectacular suicide—strangely enough—of murder, of daring deeds to awaken her love.

And then the idea leaped into life, so abruptly that in excitement he almost betrayed himself. It overwhelmed him, and he could not think clearly. It was a gamble, a risky one; it was also an intoxicant, a narcotic that carried him over apparently unsurmountable barricades, regardless of the consequences. One thought leaped clear of all others: there was a rope, long enough for the purpose, in the tool-box in the rear—he would use it.

He slowed down the automobile, then brought it to a halt. The girl turned to him with an uneasy look.

"I must get something from the tool-box," he said apologetically, as he got out.

But she had seen the feverish gleam in his eyes, and seemed to understand; she couldn't trust him on this lonely stretch of road, anyway. While he was working over the box, she slipped out of her seat into the road, and began to run. Fu heard her and shouted to her to come back. She ran the faster. Soon she heard the swift patter of feet behind, and glanced back. Fu was coming after her; he had a coil of rope on one arm. Another time she would have laughed at the ludicrous spectacle he presented, but on she fled, with her breath catching in her throat. She stumbled. Then his two strong hands closed on her shoulders. She screamed.

Fu worked madly. He gagged her with his handkerchief and bound her hands and feet. He tried to lift her into his arms, but his strength was suffering a reaction. So he went back to his car, got in, and drove it up to where the unconscious girl lay.

Just as he was dragging her into the car, his eyes widened and he gasped as the actual realization of what he was attempting burst upon him for the first time. He stared down at the girl's face. What an incredible fool he

Herbert Jacobs

was! Where was he going to take her? There was no place to go, no place whatever! A madness was in him. What had made him attempt this, anyway! He could not take her away. If he had seen that when he first thought of such a mad scheme...Not only was it a flat failure, but because of it he had precipitated himself into a very perilous hole.

He hurriedly untied the rope, and laid the unconscious girl at the roadside. Then he sprang into the car and got away from that place.

He went on as swiftly as he dared to. He rode for about two hours, and every time he heard an exhaust in his rear he looked back, fearing the worst. He had not definite destination in mind; he was heading in a general direction of the coast, where there would be more chances of escaping than there were here.

But he was not so fortunate as he thought himself to be. As he fled through a small hamlet, a man appeared at the door of a house, waved a gun at the automobile, and shouted something Fu did not catch. He chuckled to himself: "Crazy idea, trying to stop me! Idiotic!" But a moment later, when a large, powerful-looking car swept out of that hamlet in his wake, he realized that he had been too optimistic. There was a sign-post ahead of him; he jerked around it on two wheels, turning onto the branch-road, and raced at high speed to where the rough stretch joined the state highway. He glanced back. The pursuers were gaining. Then someone bellowed: "Halt!" Fu frantically pressed his car to its limit. A whip seemed to crack ...the air stirred near his cheek for an infinitesimal instant. His face blanched.

He slowed down the car, and leaped out. He fell, his leg bending suddenly, and brused his hands and face; but he was up again and running for the thickets. As he disappeared he heard the whistle of lead about him; the same voice was saying: "Spread out! Shoot the dirty Chink on sight!"...

A sob escaped Fu when he ran away from the road.

He fled on and on, stumbling over half-hidden rocks and roots. His breath came in short, torturous gasps. And in the pit of his stomach a crazy laugh was struggling for freedom. The world was topsy-turvy. He, the peaceful scholar, escaping from the turmoil in China, and finding himself amidst it to a greater depth somewhere else! He had leaped from the frying-pan into the fire...He tried to imagine that he was running playfully through his flower-beds in Shensi. He would then be about six years, and the world still full of pleasant surprises. Soon his father would call him; he would go and bow dutfully before him, and they would both enter the house, or listen to their pet crickets sing...Why couldn't he laugh? He wanted to, but had to choke on it. A flood of hot wrath bubbled into his eyes. What right had they to chase him, as if he were the fox and they the hunters?

What a fool he was. He had meant to cast aside the loyalty and traditions of his family that was probably as old as China herself—for an alien woman. He stopped and listened. There were some distant shouts, that became more distant as he waited. A sigh of relief, a lightening of his features; he sank to the ground by a tree and leaned his head against the

trunk. A radical transformation within the past couple of hours was changing his whole outlook, his very character. His world was dead.

He was very bitter when he thought of Josepha now. He knew how wrong he was to be so, but he couldn't help it. She stood for that which he had escaped to, and for that which he was now escaping from. He had a tardy wish that he could at least die in his home-land. For the second time in his life, tears started down his cheeks. The first time: when his father had died; he had been too young to understand at his mother's death. But he cried now because he had given up beautiful ideals for a mocking stranger. And he had received nothing in return. Oh, if he could but lay, when he died, in that ancient burial ground with his fathers and have the fragrance of familiar blossoms incense the air above him. It may be that his grandmother would not learn of his end. That was a horror he must cease thinking of; he had to—And there was still hope. He would get away!

He rose to his feet and ran until his heart threatened to break through his chest. Then, suddenly, he burst out into the opening and brought up against a wire barricade. There were four rails opposite him, on a low embankment: two tracks. Fu's eyes burned with new hope. A railroad! He looked up and down the right-of-way. Some distance away, to his left, he saw a lonely semaphore.

He kept to the shelter of a tree and waited, the scholar losing his idealism in the face of necessity. He could hop a train if the right sort came by. He had read and heard of such things. A freight.

There was a peculiar humming along the rails. It became more distinct. As he waited he saw the semaphore change; a light flashed on as the other went out. Then the train came into sight. Fu almost whooped with spontaneous joy. It was a freight. It slowed up as it approached the signal-light; the huge locomotive steamed and whistled past Fu, deafening him with its sound. The light changed again, and the train increased in speed. Fu was down, now, on the other side of the wire. No one must see him, least of all a brakeman.

Four or five cars slid by. Fu kept down on his knees. His lips were moving soundlessly. Then he leaped upward.... and missed. He fell backward to the ground and groaned with pain and frustration. The train was going faster. He was up again, trotting along and waiting for another opportunity. It came. He sprang forward.....grappled desperately..... and caught hold of the bar. He hung like that for a brief instant, and moved his foot up for better rest. The car swung around a curve; and Fu's body crashed against its hardest part.

He screamed as he lost hold of that bar, and made a last effort to throw himself outward and away from the track. But he couldn't.....

Then it was all over.

Half the cars of the long train passed over him. They found his head, a good hundred yards from where his torso and legs lay.

Fu Wong had died while his grandmother was dreaming of his ancestors.

Joseph Brown, Prop.

By Seymour Roman

Carefully he fastened the typed pages together. He had to do a finished job, a piece of work in keeping with his typing. That typing had been difficult. He had never gotten beyond the hunt-and-peck system. He had had to master the many complexities a second-hand machine can offer. And he had to type his manuscript into final form. A misspelled word or misplaced comma forced him to retype the entire page. He could have crossed out the errors and gone on, but he wanted no disfiguring marks on his story. Many an evening had he spent, crouched over the keyboard, peering anxiously at the impressions he had struck so laboriously. But these were few compared to the evenings he had spent reading, or writing in neat, round fashion, his novel.

His novel. He had given up much for that bit of literature. He had renounced all his old recreations, his friends, even his store. No longer was he seen at Doc's or Tony's or the Bijou. He frequented the public library in an effort to read his way into the, to him, select. He learned the secrets of writing. He watched unknown critics tear the classics apart and found out why. He discovered what was wrong with the American novel and what should be done about it. He studied and wrote.

He progressed beyond the capacity of the town's small library and sent to New York for his books. They came, addressed to "The Brown Shoe Emporium, Joseph Brown, Prop." He had ordered the books as though they were shoes. It was hard to forsake a custom which had grown more ingrained each year. He took the books home and ordered more.

If studying meant anything he would surely win that prize. Yes, he had repudiated all he had once set value on, for a prize. But the sacrifice was worth it. Anyone would admit that. "To the author of the novel adjudged the best, Dinton and Dane will pay $20,000.00 and 10% royalties. The author may keep all other rights." And Joseph Brown thought the laurels worth striving for.

He had intended to write a detective story, since he was conversant with only that type of belles-lettres. But he realized that Dinton and Dane would not pay $20,000.00 for a murder mystery. He cast around for something else, something yet untouched. And—he found it in himself, and Doc, and Tony. But he couldn't; their lives were so uninteresting. And the answer came, "Why should they be?" His life, he could do as he wanted with that. And he did.

Now he had bound the finished product. He called it "Joseph Brown, Prop." It wasn't he at all, that novel; it was someone else, some philosophizing adventurer masquerading as an ordinary shoe store owner, but there was some semblance of reality and so he named it after himself.

He looked at it happily. His task was done. And he would win. There was no doubt about that. Of course he'd win. Hadn't he worked for months,

deleting and adding, correcting and recorrecting? Hadn't he used a new dictionary and newer thesaurus till they literally fell apart? Hadn't he studied the motivations of speech and thought and action? And hadn't he—? Oh, there were a thousand reasons. Of course he'd win. And he stroked the manuscript fondly.

Tomorrow he would mail it. Tomorrow. He turned to the small pamphlet they had sent on request and read the rules carefully. He had read them a year ago when he had first become aware of the contest. He had read them often since then. He knew that he had done all that was necessary. But he went over the rules and suggestions again. No minor technicality must crop up to rob me, he thought. Finally he was satisfied.

Happy, tired, he turned down the light, and undressing swiftly, went to bed. He lay there in the darkness, fatigued body and soul, but wide-awake. He couldn't sleep. His mind was too full of racing thughts.

He thought of Doc and the gang, and the good times they had in that back room. The sandwiches and beer and pickles they'd down. He'd been the champion beer-drinker, he thought with a thrill of pride. And he wondered jealously who held the title now. He thought of Tony's and the pool-tables. Tony, who was always ready to applaud a good shot, always showing his teeth in a wide grin. Good old Tony. Tomorrow, he'd go back and shoot a game of pool with him. He thought of the Bijou. He hadn't been in that dark, peanut-smelling interior for a long time. Tomorrow he would go and sit on one of the caved in seats and laugh at the antics of the comedians. He hadn't had a good laugh in months.

And he thought of his store. He really didn't have to think of that. He was a good employer and his three salesmen knew it. They were good employees and he knew it. They ran the business for him. These last few weeks he hadn't even gone down there. Yes, the men were faithful. He'd have to reward them. Partnership? No, he couldn't give away the store he had built. Why not a chain of stores? His story would make that possible.

And then he thought of his story. He had read of the contest in one of the trade journals. It had no business there, but there it was. And it made him determined to try his hand. The contest was a "first-novel" affair and the other entrants would be as inexperienced as he. But he knew nothing and so he studied.

He had spent his evenings and Sundays over the work. But it grew more important and encroached on his lunch hour. Finally he had stopped coming to work altogether. The store was in safe hands though. Three pairs of hands. He'd reward their owners. When his dreams came true. When his dreams—

"When his dreams came true." His last conscious thought. He fell into a sleep of sheer exhaustion.

He dreamt that night that his dreams had come true. He had sent his manuscript away and two months later had received a reply. "Joseph Brown, Prop." had taken first prize. He took the news quietly. He'd known all along that he would win that contest. And then two more months went by.

His book was a best seller, the best seller. The name was on every tongue and the contents known by every reader. It had been translated for European publication. The stage adaptation promised to set new records. A movie organization had broken all schedules to produce the film version. And the author. He was filmed whenever he stepped outside his door; his words were passed breathlessly from lip to lip; he was sought after by reporters and syndicates. He was famous. He was rich. He was a success.

"When his dreams came true."

He awoke early and hurried into his clothes. He wanted to post his manuscript. He hadn't wrapped it last night.

He reached the store just after one of his clerks. The young man had opened the door, could be seen inside, sweeping and dusting.

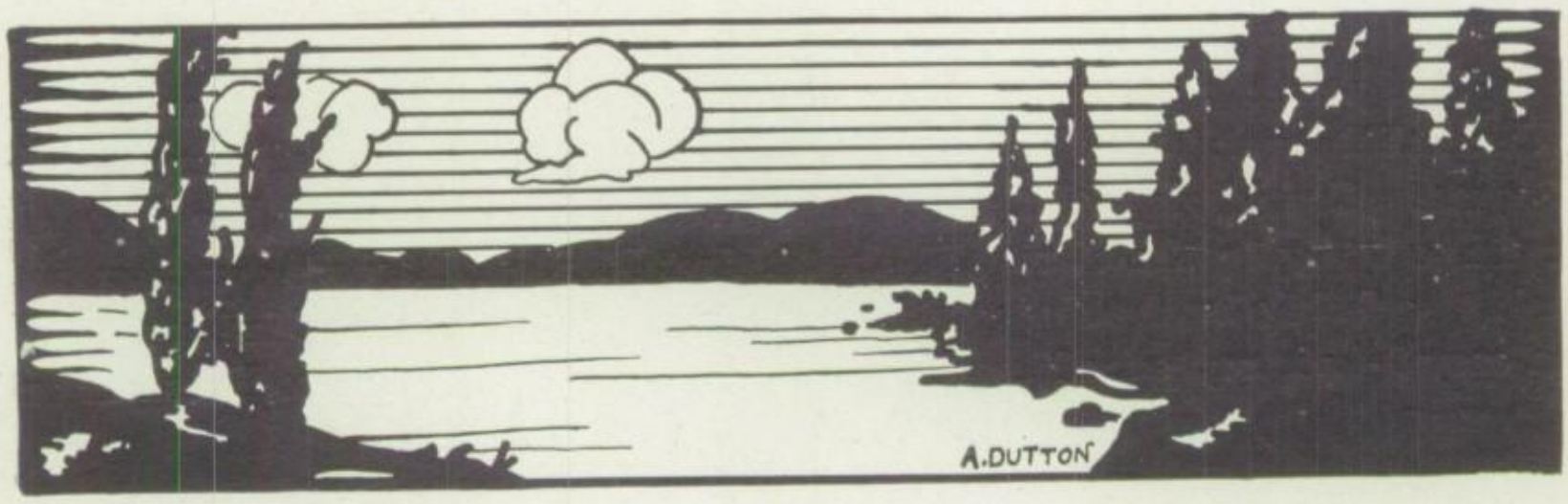
Joseph Brown, Prop., stood on the curb before the window, and gazed expansively within. He balanced himself on his toes, and, placing his hands behind his back, regarded the establishment.

The window was a large one to the right of the door. It bore across its face a bold arc of six inch brass letters: Brown Shoe Emporium. Down in the corner, in more discreet, but still noticeable fashion, were the symbols which read: Joseph Brown, Prop.

In the window display, Joseph Brown, Prop., noted several innovations, novelties with which he was not in accord. Placing shoes on velvet drapes! And purple and pink drapes at that! And a modernistic display! He snorted contemptuously and looked beyond the window. His desk! They'd moved it to the corner by the stair! And more purple drapes! Clancy shoes! He'd never bought from that company. Contemptuous snorts changed to angry sputterings. What did those young whelps mean disrupting his business? How dared they?

Behind his back his hands clenched angrily. They jerked apart to an accompaniment of tearing paper. He brought his hands to his side and looked down. Each fist grasped half of his manuscript. In his anger he had torn it in two! Dully he looked at his hands, at the store, at his hands again.

He opened his fists slowly. An idle wind caught the torn leaves and scattered them down the street. He watched them dance before the breeze and then turned towards the door. He was about to enter when he recalled a ritual long forgotten, a custom of his years of struggle. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and conscientiously polished the letters which read: Joseph Brown, Prop.



Sports History of James Madison High School

By George Fenster

Despite its tender years, Madison has compiled an athletic record which is comparable to that of any high school in the City of New York. During our four years of competition, we have amassed three city championships and have been nosed out of a score more.

Madison, since its inception of football, has had teams of such calibre that sports writers have continually commented on them. In 1925 when Coach Torgan issued the first call for candidates, fully two hundred men responded. That year, our cohorts, under Danny Leavy, lost but two games, upsetting Tech, Jefferson, and Boys'. Our 1926 edition had such scoring power it was dubbed the Golden Tornado. During that season we played championship ball, not losing a single game. Our teams in 1927 and 1928 started out very well, but did not fare so well. The class of June '29 was very well represented on the gridiron. Irv. Resnick, Milt Klinger, Georgie Meisler, Bert Rosenberg, Nat Grossman, Eddie and Lennie Gleichenhaus, and Mack Baker, all performed creditably.

Our baseball teams always have been in the limelight because of the stellar material which has so consistently represented the school. Our first season, under Coach Wunderlich, was ended with a 500 percentage opposite our name. This is highly creditable for a first year team in a sport which requires co-ordination to the nth degree. In 1927, after sweeping all borough contenders off the field, we went after the City Championship and got it! During that year we had the honor of having three of our men on the all-scholastic: Pattison as pitcher (Jimmy Pattison is now playing professional ball with the Brooklyn Nationals), Jimmy Lee, catcher, and Jack Friedman, second. Our 1928 team started with several victories, only to fall into an inextricable slump toward the close of the season.

This year the team suffered a great loss through the departure of Mr. Wunderlich, coach. He was succeeded by our popular football mentor, Mr. Torgan. Considering that both coach and team were new, Madison did not fare badly on the diamond. In the first P. S. A. L. game our team was held to a 3-3 tie by the strong Bushwick nine. Subsequently Madison scored an easy 9-4 victory over New Utrecht, dropped a close game to Erasmus and

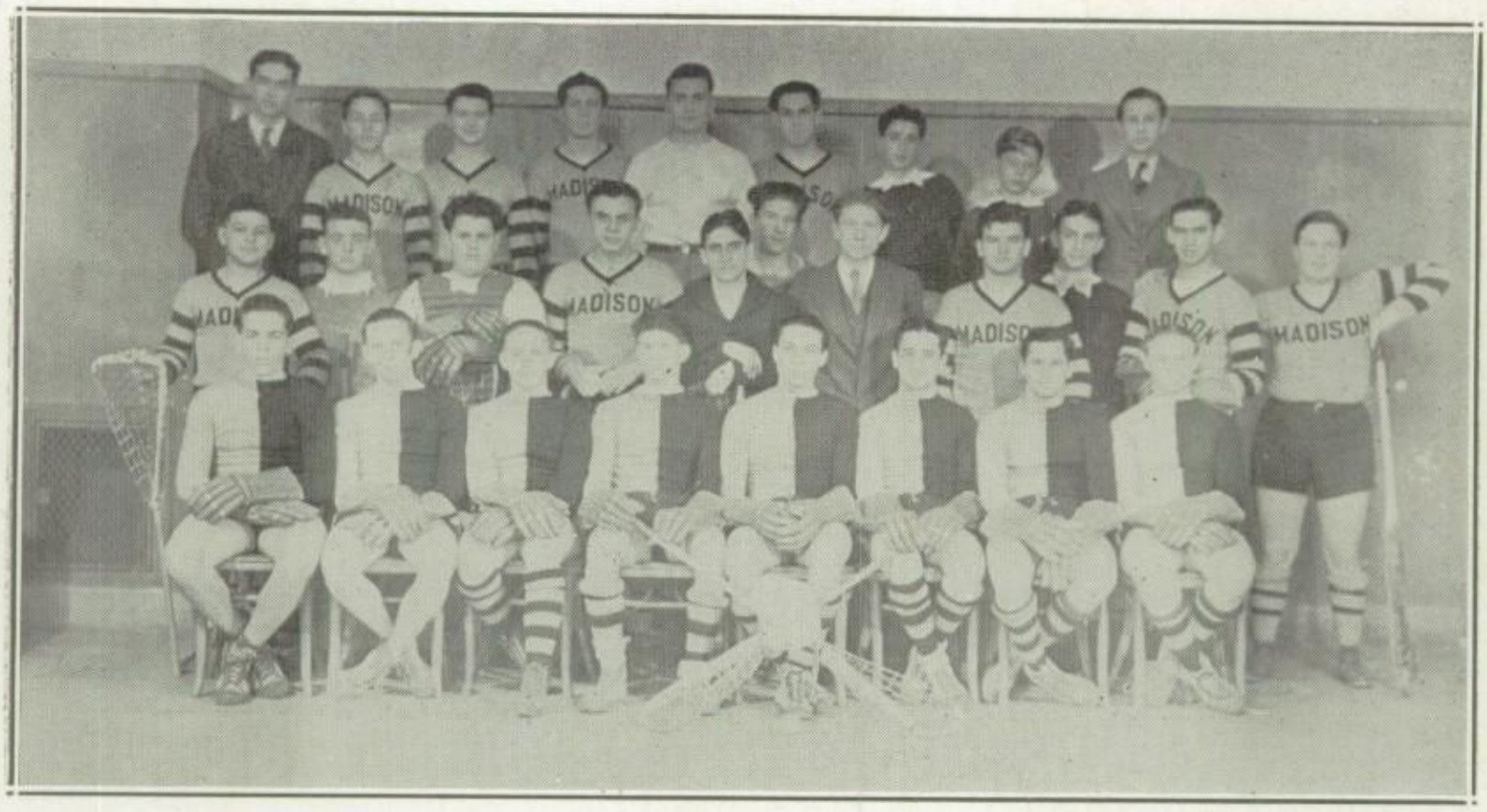
FOOTBALL TEAM

then beat Manual. The season is not yet over but to all appearances Madison will finish with an average well over .500. The class of '29 takes from the field Al Ganulin, Mac Baker, Jack Press, Arty Doyle, Moe Kazick, Art Spencer and Jack Koondel.

Basketball, never well supported by the student body, has turned out teams of considerable merit. But always we have been unable to climb to the championship. In 1925, we were serious contenders for the titie, until upset by Jefferson. In 1926, with an all veteran quintet, we again lost to Jefferson—lost the throne by one point. The next year, after going strong for a time, the bane of all athletes, ineligibility, struck our entire varsity team. By dint of hard playing we managed to hold down fourth place. Last year we put out an exceptionally fast five, but our opponents put faster quintets on the court. The class of '29 answered Madison's call through Jack Roginsky, Milt Granat, Mac Wagner, and Aaron Cohen.

Soccer, the remaining major sport, has provided an all-scholastic for every season. In 1925 Murray Meiselman attained that honor. In 1926 he was selected to captain that team of incomparables. 1927 produced another all-scholastic, Norman O'Flynn, and a team which missed the city championship by one game. Last year we culminated a successful season by tying the West Point plebes and having our captain, Trevor Jackson, picked all-scholastic by every metropolitan paper. Our class was represented in soccer by Ambrose Goldberg, Norman Kafka, Milt Jacobson, and Fred Shacter.

Although commonly believed to be a decadent sport at Madison, track is nevertheless one of our biggest aids in the garnering of cups, medals, and titles. Since our first team strode the track we have been strong contenders. It placed second in the Clinton meet, and third in the Stuyvesant. In 1927, Irv. Gold broke the national interscholastic record for the 220 yard dash.



LACROSSE TEAM

His ability and the assistance of an evenly balanced team won for us a first in the Penn Relays and a third in the City Champs. In 1928, Coach Kottman took some of our men to Washington, where we took a second in every event entered, four of them.

Although our track team has not especially distinguished itself this year it has scored consistently in every meet. We placed third in the Dickinson meet, and after superb running in the Penn relays, captured third place. We also scored high in the Peekskill meet, taking fourth place. In a dual meet with Hamilton we walked away with all honors and ended with a score far above Hamilton's total. Klisto, Rappaport, Sokol, Roman, Wildermuth, Breen, Mann, and Pfeiffer have trod the cinders for '29.

In 1926 we presented our first swimming team to P. S. A. L. competition. They finished the season with an average of 600%. In 1927, Captain Kramer won our first title, 50 yard champion. Last year, owing to a paucity of material, we finished in fifth place. But in defiance of that poor standing, we defeated the Rutgers Frosh in a one-sided dual meet. '29 was represented by Al Cawan, Milt Greenberg, Mike Marcus, Cy Fishman, and Fred Schacter.

Lacrosse, our newest sport, is rapidly taking hold on the sutdent body because of its thrills and spills. An entirely green team was put on the field in 1927 and, quite naturally, did not fare well. Last year injuries ruined all our chances for the title at which we were pointing

The team started off slow this season, dropping games to Manual and Utrecht. We gained our stride however in our encounter with Erasmus and it was only in the last 50 seconds of play that Stark of Erasmus scored a goal to beat us 3-2. Fully aroused, we then invaded Boys' field and gave them a good drubbing to the tune of 9-0. Since then the team has been going strong and their fine playing is redeeming their defeats earlier in the season. Cy Fishman, present captain, Fred Schacter, and George Fenster played the game for three years, Dave Kaplan, for two.

CHEER LEADERS

The most successful sport in our history is handball. We have held the city championship for three consecutive years, and are walking over those who would pull us out of the crown we have worn so long. Coach Sperling has been fortunate in that the annual handball tournament always uncovers talent suitable to succeed those who are graduated. Cy Alexander, national doubles champion, and Fred Schacter, represent this class.

Cross-country, the latest addition to Madison's roster of sports, was practically unknown until the fall of 1928. Then it broke forth with a vengeance. Dual meets being the only things scheduled, the harriers took three of them and lost but one, to the New York Stock Exchange. It was a hotly contested meet, but the N. Y. S. E. aggregation were older and better (naturally). Assistant Captain Eddy Wildermuth, Seymour Roman, and Mac Gerstein starred for Madison and the class of June 1929.

Tennis, formerly a dormant sport here, was revived by Coach Schindler, head of the P. T. department. We finished the 1927 season with but two defeats. Last year we rounded out a fairly successful season by holding Utrecht, City Champs, to a 3-2 score.

This term the team finished high up in P. S. A. L. standing, losing but two matches through the entire season, to Erasmus and Utrecht. Ed Solomon, captain, and "Hank" Lehman represent our class.

In passing it is proper to give due credit to our cheer-leading squad. It has worked incessantly and to good purpose. Bert Gropper and Don Sepler, members of our class, have participated in this activity.

Popular opinion to the contrary, athletes are not so "dumb" as they look. Many of the men named above have attained membership in the Arista, have obtained marks far above the average. This is due to several causes. First, a certain scholastic standing is required of every athlete. Second, the skill required to perform on the court or field is just as handy in the class room. Third, athletics gives a student the physical development necessary for the proper ability to learn.

Girls' Sports

Dorothy Aronson

One of the most important organizations in the girls' P. T. department is the Honor Society. It is composed of girls who have been rated A, in posture and appearance, and have participated in some after-school athletic event. Membership depends upon character. "Once a member, always a member" does not hold good here. Just as long as the girls live up to the ideals and requirements they are members. If they become lax, they are asked to withdraw.

This term, the girls are planning to edit a small paper, which will contain news of the sports and other activities which are constantly going on in the department. Health education will be an important factor in the work of the Honor Girls, and short articles based on it will appear in each issue of the proposed paper.

There is one important advantage to belonging to the Honor Society. That most interesting and intriguing sport of all—archery—is being taught only to the Honor Girls under the direction of Miss McLoughlin.

At graduation Mrs. Clark will present an award of some kind to the most representative Honor Girl in the eighth term. Awards will also be made at this time to girls who have participatd in a sport during each term of their school life.

Basketball in the girls' P. T. department is one of the most interesting games played. At the beginning of each term the girls come out in hordes to play. Gradually, teams are formed, games played off, and tournaments won. The sixth termers seem to be the leading lights in basketball. This term they again won in the finals, playing a splendid game against the fifths. Captain Tommy Lutenberg of the sixth led her team to victory with a score of 37-14.

Hockey, an autumn sport, was enthusiastically played last term from September to November. The senior team, with such members as Anna Aronowitz, Grace Wilkisson, Helen Delman, Sylvia Goldberg, and Anna Warshaw, won the final game in a keen fight against the fifths. The hockey plaque was thus duly inscribed with the eighth term captain's name, and set up in the hall for all to see. The basketball plaque also will have the sixth term team captain's name placed on it.

Swimming under the supervision of Miss Guerin and Mrs. Burke, is slowly becoming more and more a part of the daily gym work for girls at Madison. Life saving tests are given to all who care to try, and the survivors of these become the winners of the Red Cross Life Saving emblem Each year, in the fall term, a swimming meet is held, and here the girls in the different grades compete in balloon and relay races, diving and four-length dashes. It is a very pretty sight indeed to see the girls, each wearing her bathing cap in the color of her grade, bobbing about in the pool, sometimes carrying balloons, and sometimes standing feet up and head down on the tile bottom. Grace Devine, Florence Schooley are two of the many girls who have won medals and awards for swimming.

THE CURRENT EVENTS TEAM

Four years ago when Madison first opened its doors, current events was a field little exploited in scholastic circles. Soon, however, a group of Madisonians, realizing the value that could be derived from an intensive study of current day happenings, organized a current events club.

Not long after, the club, quickly grown successful, decided that current events ought to be further extended by having interscholastic competition among the various Brooklyn high schools, and it was through the efforts of Harry Ellman and other Madison "current eventsers" together with supporters from Boys' and Erasmus Hall High Schools that a tri-school current events league was formed. A bee among these schools is held each term.

Last fall with the belief that current events ought to be still further advanced, Richard Gubner, captain of our team, organized the Brooklyn Interscholastic Current Events League. This movement received support on all sides and nine Brooklyn high schools became members.

Madison has made out exceptionally well in interscholastic competition. Of the three bees conducted thus far by the tri-school league, Madison has won two. In the bee annually conducted by the Brooklyn Daily Eagle we have, during the last two years, placed second of twenty schools in team score and second in individual score. George Fenster captured second prize in the Eagle Bee which was held this spring in our auditorium. Madison has also made out well in the radio bee which is also conducted by the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

The current events team is ably coached by Mr. Leo Ryan. Its members are Richard Gubner, George Fenster, Eugene Aronoff, Herbert Lebovici, and Edward Solomon.

CHESS TEAM

It is with great pride that we look at the achievements of Madison in the field of chess. In the first two years of competition we did not fare so well, but in 1927-1928 the team composed of Captain Solomon, Weiner, De Lisser, and Glassman played brilliantly and captured the Borough Championship. Last term with Henry Nissnewitz taking the place made vacant by De Lisser's graduation, we swept all opponents aside and won the cup emblematic of the city championship. Besides standing out as a team our players have excelled individually, especially Edward Solomon, who won the individual city championship last year. On other occasions Solomon has beaten Alekhine, the world chess champ, and Marshall, champion of the United States. Myron Weiner also demonstrated his ability in finishing third in the city individual championship. No doubt much of Madison's success in the field of chess is due to the excellent coaching given by Mr. Tholfsen and Mr. Gordon.

THE ARISTA

Leader: Abraham Zeitz Faculty Leader: Miss Jewell

Vice-leader: Evelyn Thurber Secretary: Lucille Seitzick

The Arista, honor society of Madison, is composed of students who attained membership through their high records in scholarship, school service, and character.

The Arista was organized shortly after Madison opened and since then, under the leadership of Miss Jewell, has grown rapidly in importance and prestige. Its activities are those necessitating great responsibility: serving on the program committee, ushering at Commencement and at other functions, supplying laboring students with paper and other necessities during Regents and midterm examination week; all these duties are carried out by the Arista. The formal installation in the assembly marks, for any student, the highest honor the school can bestow on him.

ORCHESTRA AND MADRIGAL

Officers of Orchestra

President: Sidney Rand Vice-president: Sidney Handler

Secretary: Ruth Bagen Faculty Adviser: Mr. Elmer

Librarians: Harvey Vom Lehn, Aubrey Dutton

Officers of Madrigal Club

President: Howard Glazer Vice-president: Caspar Fishbach

Secretaries: Grace Thompson, Victoria Salzman

Librarians: Milton Weiner, Harry Kadish

Faculty Adviser: Miss Conklin

The Orchestra and Madrigal Club are well known to the student body and have performed for them in assemblies on several occasions. The outstanding accomplishment of these two organizations this year was the fourth annual concert given in our auditorium in May. This spring the orchestra captured two silver cups in the city competitions.

My heartfelt and sincerest wishes go to one of the sweetest little girls I know.

Selig Bdowitz
June 26, 1929

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President: Howard Glazer — Faculty Adviser: Miss McGrath

Vice-president: Manville Abramson

The Dramatic Society was organized in the first term of the school's existence. Its chief activity, the presentation of an annual play in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, has become one of Madison's traditions. Last year The Admirable Crichton was shown and the year before, Captain Applejack. Another of the more important activities of the Dramatic Society is the production of a group of one-act plays during the spring term. They are usually given in the Little Theatre in Brooklyn.

G. O. OFFICERS

ENGLISH OFFICE SQUAD

PRINTING SQUAD

Leader: Theodore Loew Faculty Adviser: Mr. Knutson

The school organization requires countless numbers and varieties of printed forms. Nearly all of these are made by the printing squad. The catholicity of the work performed may best be seen by a few examples. The squad prints our report and program cards, Regents and mid-term examination passes, G. O. cards, tickets to games, class night and graduation programs, letter-heads. The work is done on a hand press. A linotype and a well-chosen stock of type faces are other features. Cards and paper are cut by the squad to the desired shape.

ART SQUAD

Leaders: Ed Taylor, Irvin Rappaport Faculty Adviser: Mr. Spector

In the advertising campaigns of the various school activities, the art squad plays an important part. The members design and paint posters on the activity to be boosted. The art work of the drawing classes is inspected and exhibited by the art squad. The drawings in our many publciations are nearly always done by this squad.

G. O. STORE

Manager: George Meisler Faculty Adviser: Mr. Fanning
Assistant Manager: Seymour Roman

The G. O. Store is an indispensable part of the school, supplying, as it does, the students with all school needs at discounted prices. George Meisler, the manager this term, has introduced several new innovations, establishing annexes, providing price tags and starting a deposit system for more expensive articles such as senior class jewelry.

DEBATING CLUB

President: Sidney L. Schwartz Faculty Adviser: Mr. Orgel
Vice-president: S. Sidney Freidman Secretary: Sol Ginsberg

The art of speaking well is admirably expounded in the debating club. Here the subjects of elocution, oratory, debating, are threshed out each week. Members act as judges in the intra-mural debates held each term. The debating team draws its material from this organization.

LIBRARY SQUAD

Librarian: Miss Fletcher Assistants: Miss Colwell, Miss Hall
Captain of Squad: Harry Rosenblatt

The Library Squad performs one of the greatest services of any organization in Madison. It prepares books for circulation, checks them out, takes them in, and arranges them on their respective shelves. In addition the members of the squad keep the library looking orderly and clean. They receive and deliver passes to the study halls and in every other way try to be helpful and courteous.

SKETCH CLUB

President: Irvin Rappaport Faculty Adviser: Miss Hurley

The ability to draw is an excellent one. The ability to draw from life is still better, which is what the sketch club does. Each week, a member acts as a model while his co-artists draw him as he is. Their work is far from childish, as might be supposed.

Hans Winkler

Rosalind Lieberman

The rain came down in torrents, causing many little pools; while the wind blew eerily in the wet streets. What a miserable day! It was the sort of day that made little children run to hide their heads in the laps of sweet fearless mothers; that made sweethearts huddle closer together to seek comfort. A day that brought back long-forgotten memories.

A tall figure walked unsteadily down the slushy streets. A figure of an old man, Hans Winkler. Hans Winkler, tall and with the dignity that old age and a goatee can bring to a man. An aristocratic man, with a high forehead, thin nose, white mustache and goatee; the face of an intelligent, well-bred person. Slowly he walked, clutching his old black umbrella with one hand, and his carved cane with the other. He always took a walk, whether it rained, or the sun shone forth in all its brilliance, always. Many were the people who stopped to gaze at him, in his old plum-colored coat and black fedora. A figure once seen, never to be forgotten. Ah, Hans Winkler, you walk calmly on, while others gaze at you, and ask of each other, who that man of such distinguished bearings could be. Do you ever notice them? I think not. His was a figure that set the imagination wandering, wandering into romantic lands. Would you, Herr Winkler, enjoy this if you knew it? I wonder?

A short while later he entered his home. Quietly he placed his umbrella in the rack, hung his old hat and quaint coat on a hook, and walked into the living room. "Ah," he sighed gently as he beheld the glow of the fire, "this is good." Still walking slowly, he reached his favorite chair before the fire, a large and comfortable easy chair. Contentedly he seated himself, and stretched his hands out to warm; long hands they were, with beautiful tapering fingers. The hands of an artist of some kind. His were those of a musician, for Hans Winkler had been the leader of a Viennese orchestra for fifty years, besides being an accomplished violinist. For fifty years the Hans Winkler known throughout all Vienna, beloved by all; and to-day, Hans Winkler, an old man who lived with his son and daughter-in-law. An old man who worked in his garden almost every day, took walks, and went to church on Sundays. As he sat there warming himself, his daughter-in-law, Pepita, called out to him. She was Spanish, an added reason for his liking her.

"Are you comfortable, father?" she called. "Is there anything you want?"

His answer was a satisfied grunt.

"Oh, grandfather, grandfather, where are you?" came from little Dorothy, his grandchild.

"Here, my child," he answered.

"Ah, grandfather, tell me some more stories about beautiful ladies, and gay young men," she pleaded, as she seated herself on his lap.

"Not to-day, my child, I am tried; ja, I am tired."

Dorothy was obliging, and relieved him of the burden on his lap at once.

He sat before the fire, his head to one side, his hands clasped before him. Perhaps he too was affected by the day, a day that brought back cherished memories. Hans Winkler, are you remembering now, are you back once more in your beloved Vienna? Slowly his eyes closed—Hans was asleep.

A slim figure of a youth paced nervously the narrow room. Every now and then he halted before the huge mirror and hastily rearranged his white tie. After awhile, however, he grew tired of the pacings, and seated himself rather haltingly in a large velvet chair. But, though his figure was resting, the eyes could not remain so, for first they examined the candles, then took in all of the room. Suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps reached the youth and he sprang up, all trembling—waiting. Then they entered—

"Are you ready, Hans?"

"Ja, ja," came the impatient reply.

And they whisked away to that great hotel, the largest in Vienna. A memorable evening, and thus on January 6, 1879, Hans Winkler was presented with the baton! Rewarded with his greatest wish, the baton, while others who had worked hard, years and years, still waited. Ah, Hans Winkler, Fate was on your side then.

In quick succession the years passed, with Herr Hans Winkler as the most loved orchestra leader in Vienna, gay Vienna, heartless Vienna. Vienna, with its heartbreaks, its brilliant love affairs. And then came the crisis, came when Hans was fifty years old, in his prime. A tall handsome man, a striking figure always. It was when he had finished playing one of Wagner's best pieces, "Walther's Prize Song," that he first met Carmen. Carmen! Carmen Treilla, the toast of Vienna, La Treilla, the most loved opera star. Carmen Treilla, wine to a man's soul, fire to his heart. Carmen, tall, beautiful, with dark soulful eyes, full red lips, a white neck, which made men long to kiss it, and with movements like those of a graceful swan. Carmen Treilla, who derived joy in being cruel, cruel to men—her playthings she called them, rightfully. What cared she for broken hearts of which she was the cause?—foolish men, yes fools.

Hans turned to acknowledge the applause, and his glance met that of La Treilla. The first glance—ah heart, Herr Winkler was madly in love, in love with Carmen Treilla. As he wielded his baton, a red rose fell at his feet; stooping quickly he picked it up. and kissed it, with a lingering glance at Carmen. She nodded her head in answer to his glance. To him, his great love—to her, another plaything, a distinguished one.

The days, months, that followed—my pen cannot give justice to them. Days spent in worship at the altar of love. How he loved her, and she—she did not like him, but her heart was growing tired, she longed for some one else. Someone new. She was growing tired of his caresses, yes tired. And yet she could not let him go, still she led him on, made him believe that she loved him. Cruel woman! And then—came the day, the day she ruined

him. Hans was to play before his Royal Majesty, but she had met another who envied Hans, a rival. He had begged her to keep Hans from going to play, and she in a moment of weakness had assented. The day had come, and Carmen had persuaded him with love, kisses to stay, and he had stayed, love being greater than his king. But he was ruined. For a few more years he was a leader, but there were often whispers of him behind his back. Then Carmen took ill, it was whispered her heart had failed her. He came; she had changed greatly, but was more beautiful than ever. She refused at first to see him, but when he came she cried. Her death scene, he never forgot. As Hans entered the room, she looked up, and for the first time in days spoke to him.

"Ah, Hans, do you forgive me?"

His love asserted itself.

"I am cruel, yes cruel," she went on, "but you do not know. My childhood, it was miserable, I suffered, and I vowed to be cruel, always, to everyone. I was cruel to you too, Hans."

Tears were falling over his cheeks, his voice a mere whisper.

"Carmen, don't, don't."

Then, the strains of "Carmen," Bizet's opera, came to them, as they sat there. Carmen sat up in bed, her eyes glazed.

"Hans, listen, listen," her voice picked up the music. "Hans, listen, Carmen, La Treilla, the GREAT Carmen, I, the toast, my best role—and now—"

"Ah, God—"

Carmen was dead!

Hans Winkler was heartbroken, life had no interest for him. He took a wife, and a son was born to him at the cost of her life. He grieved little, he had never loved her. Carmen, ah Carmen...The war came and passed, and he came to America. His son married, so he went to live with them. His life was plain, almost dull.

The fire burned low, Hans stirred uneasily. Slowly he opened his eyes, looking vacantly before him—Carmen, ah Carmen, where were you? The rain came down in torrents, causing many little pools; while the wind blew eerily in the wet streets. And still Hans Winkler lives on, a lonely life, an old man.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP

President: Seymour Roman
Secretary: Pessa M. Schiff

Faculty Adviser: Miss Berenberg

The most important subject in the high school curriculum is English. The Writers' Workshop supplements that course each week when the works of the members are read and criticized. The club has competed in national and city-wide contests in poetry, short story, and essay, besides conducting a contest in the school in these branches of literature. Horace Gordon won honorable mention in a nation-wide short story contest last year. The year before, Zelda Schiffman took second place in a city contest.

FIRST AID CLUB

CAMERA CLUB

President: Sid Waldbaum
Secretary: Sid Krieger

Faculty Adviser: Mr. Knutson

The past term has been the most successful one the Camera Club has ever enjoyed. Thanks to the co-operation of Mr. Knutson, the officers and two members, Arnold Korman and Leonard Levy, the club has performed a most creditable job in caring for all group pictures for the Log. In addition to this work the club has been taking pictures of the different school activities. Interesting specimens of their work may be found on the Camera Club Bulletin on the second floor.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

BOOSTER CLUB

President: Fred Shacter
Vice-president: Cy Fishman

Faculty Adviser: Miss Horne

The Booster Club, as the name indicates, seeks to boost school spirit and bring success to school activities by securing student and faculty support. In recent terms the Boosters have had charge of all tickets for athletic events. They have helped out on the Log and on the Annual Concert and have worked in many other helpful capacities. Their greatest value lies in the fact that they are always ready in an emergency to step in and work for the school.

Best Luck to You
Leo Kelly '29

HISTORY CLUB

THE BIG PARADE

The Big Parade, the only paper of its kind in New York State, was started two years ago under the supervision of Mrs. A. S. Cohn merely as a class project to bridge the gap between the textbook and the newspaper. It soon passed from the mimeograph stage to an eight-page printed edition, which was increased to twelve and finally sixteen pages. The Big Parade presents material not to be found in the textbook, interprets the history of the day, and through personal messages, acquaints its readers with such history-makers as Professor James T. Shotwell and Mayor James J. Walker.

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"Three thousand stadia from the earth to the moon...Marvel not, my comrade, if I appear talking to you on super-terrestrial and aerial topics. The long and the short of the matter is that I am running over the order of a Journey I have lately made."

—Lucian's Icaromenippus.

In the dim half-light of civilization, when Man first gazed heavenward to the stars from his leafy retreats, he imagined that only the birds had access to its twinkling welcome. With envious eyes our tree-dwelling forbears watched the fowls of the air sweeping in wide-winged majesty through the blue, and the fact that he envied them begot the hope and conception that lurked about the woof and warp of his consciousness.

Ages and eons slipped by the channels of Time. The brain-case that is carried upward had grown larger and larger as his vision and thought-processes became more complex. The latent force that slumbered there just behind his broadening forehead was awakening. It had become now an intricate piece of machinery whose mysterious parts were in tireless turmoil of chemical reaction.

Already in the eighteenth century that vague conception that lurked in the back of man's mind had burst its chrysalis and was struggling feebly for life. It wasn't till the nineteenth century was well under way that men were darting in ephemeral flight, straddling wind-driven birds of bamboo and canvas. Step by step, the mechanical bird grew. With the coming of Machine, that steely, smoke-belching, blood-drinking Juggernaut, the wings of the embryo craft waxed mighty and lusty. Soon the thunder of its thrashing pinions was heard in war and peace, in the dead of night, and in the light of day.

Enter the twentieth century! the morning of the Machine Age, heralding the wonders of complex thought-processes; the growling of dynamos; the whining crackle of electricity; and the deep throated airships, couched in oil and iron and steel, roaring its diapason of power above the cloud-belted city-heights, and rising to dizzy heights to transcend the kingdom of Kennebec, the eagle of the mountain-tops. Like its blood-bearing counterparts, it dreamt of foreign meadows whereon to alight and rest its weary wings. Action followed dream. The mighty bosom of Neptune was girdled once... twice...thrice. And the frozen, ice-bound silence of the Arctic and the Antarctic wastes awoke to the thunder-toned voice of the invading airships.

The whir of exploring aircraft is swallowed up in the almost impenetrable haze of time unborn. But with the light of our analytical minds trained "to see all the wonder and the glory that would be," let us conjure up a vision of the future in space-probing.

"It is night. At our feet, as in panorama, spreads the serried columns of the City of New York. Tier upon tier, and range upon range, towering skyscrapers are interlaced by bridges that span the shadowed canyons where pedestrians and freight- and passenger-cars wend their ways in balconies

of pavements. And above it all, silhouetted against the starry sky, soars the inevitable airplanes. But such an airplane! Its streamlined body is flanked by three pairs of wings—or rather half-wing, half-stabilizer—the largest just behind the cockpit, a smaller at the waist of the ship. Near the spreading, flexible tail, is the smallest pair. Two heliocopter shafts whirl in unison above the wing-motors. Suddenly the craft stops short, hovers for a brief space directly above the horizontal eave of a skyscraper and drops slowly down, its heliocopter fans checking the speed of its fall."

"The scene of this local city mail 'plane fades, and as through the vista, a transoceanic projectile, poised for flight, can be seen. It is long and needle-like in shape, with two fin-like contraptions peeping from orifices in the sides, to be used in balancing and guiding the ocean-crossing meteor. Calculated to attain the highest possible velocity, it is eased into the barrel of a mile-long pipe which serves as a spring-board from which at a given signal, the monster of steel, after having been catapulted through the pipe for its initial impetus, launches itself, a silvery pencil of speed, through the ether and over and beyond the sealine."

The dawn of the confederation of the universe is at hand. Man, having sounded interstellar space, is about to break the shell of mystery surrounding our brother-planets—to find his affinity thriving there. Exploration succeeds discovery. Metal space-annihilators have already been cast. Vast, yawning pits have been dug through the mountain summits to couch them and to provide a suitable runway for these prospective star-rovers. All is ready. The evening star glows brightly at the zenith, welcoming the hordes of men that are about to rain upon her surface. A jar shakes the earth to its foundations, and a mad screeching, ever diminishing in volume, impinges upon the ear. The sky is purple and as yet innocent of the countless man-bearing argosies that will some day grace the Ether Sea that laps on the shores of worlds and universes.

—Bernard De Yong.

ROOM 302

Teacher	MISS DAYAN
President	HERMAN SKOLLER
Vice-president	WILLIAM REITZE
Secretary	ED RUBINSTEIN

The Will of Class of June 1929

We, the Senior Class of June, 1929, of James Madison High School, situated in the Borough of Brooklyn, County of Kings, City and State of of New York, being in our right minds, or as nearly so as possible, do hereby execute make, publish, and declare this as our last will and testament.

We direct that out of the vast fund of knowledge accumulated by us during the past four years there shall be paid in full seventeen counts to the school, to be in turn transmitted to the Board of Regents of the State of New York, for which we shall require, nevertheless, as bond, Regents diplomas for each and every member of our graduating class.

To all other students enrolled in James Madison High School, we leave all text books and equipment, new and old, marked and mutilated, with the hope that enough information remains in them to prepare each succeeding class for graduation.

To our custodian engineer, Mr. Gartland, we leave this mart of learning, to be preserved and cherished as ever in its still pristine glory, and we do pray, entreat, and implore him to have a special interest in washing and whitewashing the walls of the Madison Highway office.

To the Freshmen and Sophomores we leave the dark hours of the late afternoon in which to find their way home, and to the Juniors and Seniors, a rising in the cold gray dawn when Morpheus still reigns in Brooklyn homes.

To Mr. Lewis and Miss Thun go our sincerest thanks for having guided us safely through the troubled waters of senior existence.

To Mr. Eisenman we leave the assurance that Madisonians will always stay up late the night before.

To Mr. Clark we leave affection and thanks, and the promise that we will strive to bring credit to our alma mater.

To the athletes we leave future championships, to the deserving students. G. O. medals, and to the cutting squads millions of cutting sheets and the right to haul erring Madisonians from their recitation rooms.

The mantle of Marjorie Wolgel, Highway editor, shall descend on Sanford Sarney; of Abraham Zeitz, Arista leader, on Kenneth Johnston; and of Edgar Taylor, senior president, on the one whom the next class shall elect.

And we do hereby appoint as executors of our last will and testament, the entire faculty of James Madison High School.

Whereunto we do set our sign and seal on this fair day of June, 1929.

Witnesses: Gladyce Tapman
M. E. Wilmot

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The J. M. H. S.
Alumni Association

Extends

A cordial welcome to
its potential members
of the Class of June,
1929